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THIRD YEAR
LANGUAGE READER



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"WHERE FAIRIES HIDE."

See Page L

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER

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PREFACE

1. THE distinctive feature of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades a considerable part of the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments: (a) economy of time and money; and (b) efficiency in instruction.

At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, the problem must be simplified by unifying certain lines of the work. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

There is no dissent among teachers as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work of the school. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers attempt to make this relationship close and vital, without rendering the work in expression pedantic and without killing the enjoyment of the reading.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language—both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and the discrimination between synonyms—are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention; but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observations, and that we come by

approximating steps to the knowledge of others. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This idea is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce—though timidly and incompletely—lessons in the study of language. The present series is a full working out of an idea toward which the books—of either class—have been tending in the past ten years.

2. The editors have taken pains that each volume of the series should have, so far as possible, some dominant interest in its reading matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books have dealt with the ordinary materials, simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy story and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays which are intended in a special way to serve as an introduction to the general field of literature.

In the compilation great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. At every stage of the work the standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. Some stories of considerable length have been included, in recognition of the dislike of both teachers and pupils for books which are made up of short odds and ends. In the mechanical execution of the books, also, the language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or impertinent in comment, and the literature has been so placed

that the teacher may, when it is desirable, treat it as literature only. Composition work which obstructs the interest in reading is wide of its true aim.

3. In grading the reading and language work the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

4. In the present volume the language work includes drill in spelling, attention to a few of the simpler mechanical details, attention to the form of the sentence as the unit of expression, with exercises in the simpler variations of statement, and especial emphasis upon practice in saying things already known. The selections in this volume include mainly fables, fairy and folk tales, and poems of child life. A few things of other types are added, to avoid the effect of monotony. While it is not assumed that the third year in school is the only year in which children like the fairy tale, it is the year in which they can read the greatest amount of fairy lore with pleasure. And the experience of wise teachers confirms our belief that the fairy world is a good place for the child to live in during a part of the golden age of early childhood.

THE AUTHORS.

NEW YORK,
July, 1905.

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GENERAL PLAN OF LANGUAGE LESSONS

L. STATEMENTS AND QUESTIONS.

1. Copy statements from book. Punctuate. Write statements containing given words. Page 9.
2. Study of form of questions and punctuation from book. Writing of questions containing given words. Page 13.
3. Statements and questions. Pages 17, 20, 23, 35, 39, 42, 48, 52, 107.
 - (1) Change of statements to questions. *a.* By supplying "did."
b. By transposing sentence.
 - (2) Change of questions to statements. (Result,— a composition.)
 - (3) Distinguish statements from questions and punctuate both.

II. SINGULAR AND PLURAL. Pages 57, 59, 62, 67, 81, 88, 106, 121.

1. Change of nouns from one to more than one; verb unchanged.
Change of nouns from more than one to one; verb unchanged.
2. Use of "is" and "are." *a.* Study of structure and meaning of sentences containing these words. *b.* Filling blanks in sentences with proper forms.
3. Use of "was" and "were." *a.* Study of structure and meaning of sentences containing these words. *b.* Filling blanks in sentences with proper forms.
4. Change from one to more than one, verb and noun changed.
Change from more than one to one, verb and noun changed.
5. Use of "has" and "have." *a.* Study of structure and meaning of sentences containing these words. *b.* Supplying appropriate subjects to fill blanks *c.* Supplying "has" or "have" to fill blanks.

III. CHOICE OF WORDS. Pages 29, 92, 133, 142, 154, 261, 264.

Use of adjectives and nouns selected from lessons in filling blanks in sentences. Substitution of words meaning about the same in place of familiar words in sentences. Making statements in different ways

xvi GENERAL PLAN OF LANGUAGE LESSONS

IV. QUOTATIONS—UNDIVIDED. Page 175.

Study of structure and punctuation.

V. CONTRACTIONS. Pages 223, 239, 240.

1. "Not" combined with verb.
2. Pronoun combined with verb.

VI. COMPOSITION. Pages 29, 35, 39, 43, 52, 53, 67, 74, 142, 151, 161, 167, 196, 201, 205, 209, 212, 215, 220, 244, 248, 252, 271, 274.

1. Oral composition. *a.* Questions or topics as a base of oral composition. *b.* Selection and grouping of paragraphs about one statement. *c.* Varying the wording of statements.
2. Written composition.
Questions as a base of written composition. (1) Sentence structure and whole thought embodied in question. (2) Sentence structure, but not whole thought embodied in question. (3) Neither sentence structure nor whole thought embodied in question. (4) Compositions written in paragraphs.
3. Preparation of outlines. *a.* Writing questions from statements. *b.* Writing statements from paragraphs. (To be used as topics.)
4. Letter writing. Study and copying of models.

VII. POEMS. Questions. *a.* For appreciation of thought. *b.* Form of verse as to capitals and rhyming lines

**THIRD YEAR
LANGUAGE READER**

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER



1

OH, WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE?

OH, where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills—
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;

And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving bells.

They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain ;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

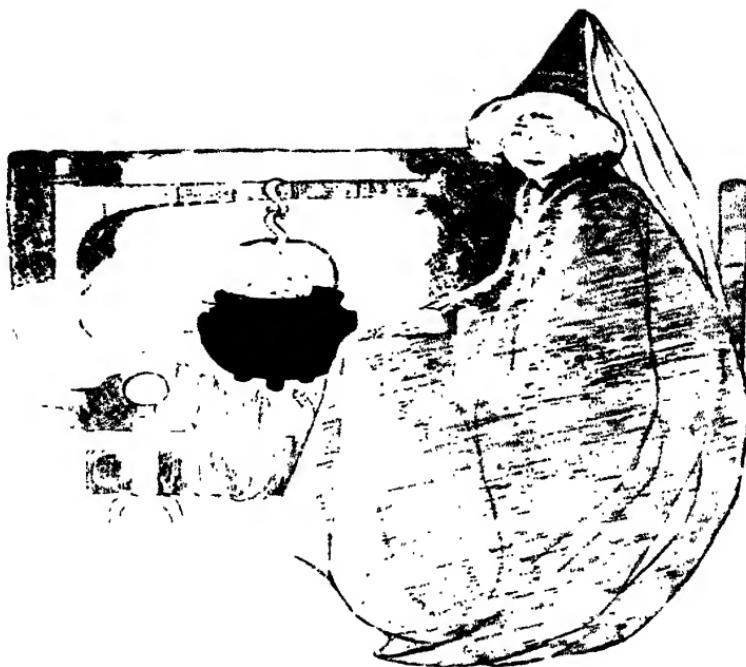
When they return there will be mirth,
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.

The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain ;
No keyhole will be fairy proof,
When green leaves come again.

— THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

crys'tal lized. hardened by freezing ; **rills,** brooks ; **draught,** a drink ; **in hab'it.** to live in ; **Ve su'vi us.** a volcano, or fiery mountain, in Italy ; **ca rous'als,** merry play, revels ; **mis'chief ;** **elves,** fairies.

TO MOTHER FAIRIE



2

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

**GOOD old mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire ?**

I want no chubby drudges
 To milk, and churn, and spin,
 Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
 With grizzly beards, and thin;

But patient little people,
 With hands of busy care,
 And gentle speech, and loving hearts,
 Say, have you such to spare?

They must be very cunning
 To make the future shine
 Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
 A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,
 Since my need you know,
 Tell me, have you any folk
 Wise enough to go?

— ALICE CARY.

griz'ly, gray; folk, people.

What kinds of little people are wanted? What will be done with them? Would you like to be chosen? What could you do?

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

ONE day an old woman who lived in a village picked some beans from her garden to cook for dinner.

She had a good fire on her hearth, but to make it burn more quickly she threw on a handful of



straw. As she threw the beans into the kettle to boil, one of them fell on the floor, not far from a wisp of straw.

Suddenly a glowing coal bounced out of the fire and fell close to them. They both started

away and exclaimed: "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler. What brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat made me so strong that I was able to jump from the fire. If I had not done so, I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

Then the bean said, "I have also escaped with a whole skin; for had the old woman put me in the kettle with the other beans, I should have been boiled to broth."

"I might have shared the same fate," said the straw. "All my brothers were pushed into the fire by the old woman. She packed sixty of us in a bundle and brought us in here. But I managed to slip through her fingers."

"Well, now what shall we do with ourselves?" said the coal. "We cannot stay here. If we do, the old woman will find us."

"I think," answered the bean, "since we have been so lucky as to escape death, we may as well be friends, and travel away together to see the world."

The two others gladly agreed; so they started

together on their journey. After traveling a little distance, they came to a stream, over which there was no bridge of any kind, not even one of wood. They were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

At last the straw took courage and said: "I will lay myself across the stream from one bank to the other. Then you can cross the brook by walking over me as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one bank ¹⁰ to the other, and the coal, who was rather hot-headed, tripped out boldly on the new bridge.

But when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him, he was badly frightened. He stood still, gazing about ¹⁵ him, and not daring to move a step farther for fear of falling into the stream.

Sad was the result; for the straw, being scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal, broke in pieces and fell into the brook. The ²⁰ coal, with a hiss, slid after him into the water and was drowned.

The bean, who had stayed behind on the shore, was much amused at the sight and laughed so

heartily when she saw what had happened that she burst her skin.

Now she was almost as badly off as her comrades. But just then a tailor came to rest by the brook, and saw her lying on the bank.



He was a kind-hearted man. So he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, and taking the bean up from the sand, he sewed the broken skin together.

When he had finished, she thanked him very much. But he had nothing but black thread to

sew with. So since that time some beans have a black stripe on one side.

— GRIMM : *Household Tales*.

wisp, a thin bunch, a small handful ; **escape'**, to get away from ; **exclaim'**, to cry out ; **man'age**, to do, to bring a thing about ; **scorch**, to burn slightly.

Rule. — A statement is a sentence which tells something.

Copy five statements from this lesson. With what kind of letter does each statement begin? What mark is placed at the end of each? (*A period.*)

Write a statement about each of these words : woman, bean, fire, coal, straw.

SONG

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

4

MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark,
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.



At night I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
 As prudent sailors have to do;
 Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
 Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
 But when the day returns at last,
 Safe in my room, beside the pier,
 I find my vessel fast.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

bark', to go on a boat; **gird**, to dress; **prudent**, careful; **pier**, a place on the water's edge where boats stop.

Who is saying this? What is his "sailor's coat"? Across what sea does the little child sail? What lands does he visit? How long is he gone? Read the stanza that tells this. Tell some of the things he sees.

A birdie with a yellow bill
 Hopped upon the window sill,
 Cocked his shining eye, and said,
 "Ain't you shamed, you sleepy-head?"

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

5

THE FROG AND THE OX

"OH, father," said a little Frog to the big one sitting by the side of a pool, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two."



"Tush, child, tush," said the old Frog; "that was only Farmer White's Ox. It isn't so big either; he may be a little taller than I, but I could easily make myself quite as broad; just you see." So he blew himself out, and blew himself out, and blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" asked he.

"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young Frog.

Again the old one blew himself out, and the young one if the Ox was as big as that.



"Bigger, father, bigger," was the reply.

So the Frog took a deep breath, and blew, and blew, and blew, and swelled, and swelled, and swelled. And then he said, "I'm sure the Ox is not as big as—" But at this moment he burst.

— *Aesop's Fables.*

ter'ri ble, fearful ; mon'ster, a strange and frightful thing.

Did the Frog see a terrible monster?

Was it as big as a mountain?

Did it have horns?

Did it have a long tail?

Were the hoofs divided in two?

How many questions are here? With what kind of a letter does each question begin? What mark is placed at the end of each? (*A question mark.*) Write a question about each of these things: father, ox, farmer, pool, head.

6

THE NORTH WIND

'THE north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;

And what will the Robin do then, poor thing ?
He'll sit in a barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor
thing !

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow ;

And what will the Swallow do then, poor thing ?
Oh ! do you not know that he's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours ? — poor
thing !

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow ;

And what will the Honey Bee do, poor thing ?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor
thing !

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;

And what will the Dormouse do then, poor
thing?

Rolled up like a ball, in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor
thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;

And what will the Children do then, poor
things?

When lessons are done, they'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor
things!

dor'mouse, an English animal like the mouse, but larger.
It sleeps all winter.

Is the north wind cold or warm? Read a line that tells this. Why does the robin hide his head? How does he keep his feet warm? Where will the swallow go to find a warm country? What will the bee do in the hive? Name some other animal besides the dormouse that sleeps through the winter. Why is it that little children do not have to hide their heads, or go to warmer countries, or sleep through the winter, to keep warm?



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

ONCE when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him. This soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him.

“Pardon, O King,” cried the little Mouse; “forgive me this time, I shall never forget it. Who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?” The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse’s being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and

the hunters, who wished to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

— *Aesop's Fables.*

plight, condition; **gnaw**, to bite, to nibble.

Change these statements to questions: —

- The mouse ran up and down the lion.
- The lion placed his paw on the mouse.
- He opened his jaws to swallow the mouse.
- The mouse cried out.
- The lion lifted his paw.
- He let the mouse go.
- The lion was afterward caught in a trap.
- He was tied to a tree by a rope.
- The rope was gnawed by the mouse.

Rules. — A sentence which tells or states something is a statement.

The first word of a statement begins with a capital.

Place a period after every statement.

The first word of a question begins with a capital.

Place a question mark after every question.

ANDROCLES

A SLAVE named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a Lion lying down, moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the Lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the Lion put out his paw which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the Lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the Lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat upon which to live.

But shortly afterward both Androcles and the Lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the Lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days. The Emperor and all his Court came to see the



sight, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena.

Soon the Lion was let loose from his den, and rushed, bounding and roaring, toward his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized ¹⁰ his friend and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog.

The Emperor, surprised at this, called Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned ²⁰ and freed, and the Lion let loose in his native forest.

*An'dro clēs; pursue', to follow and try to catch; swōl'len
rec'og nize, to know; sen'tenced, condemned; a re'na, a circu-
lar place in which public shows are held; fawn upon, to act in
a loving manner toward.*

Change the following questions to statements. Begin the first word of the first statement a little to the right.

Did a slave once escape from his master? Did he come upon a lion in great pain? Did he go up to the lion? Did the lion hold out his paw? Did the slave find a thorn in it? Did he pull out the thorn? Did the lion lick the slave's hand? Did the slave take the lion to his cave? Did they live together there?



HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all

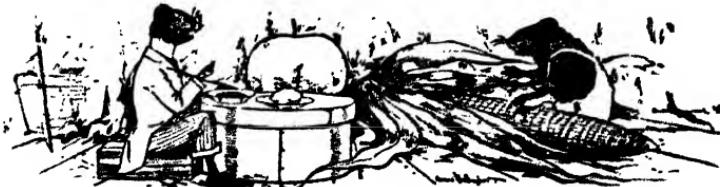
-S. T. COLERIDGE.

9

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY
MOUSE

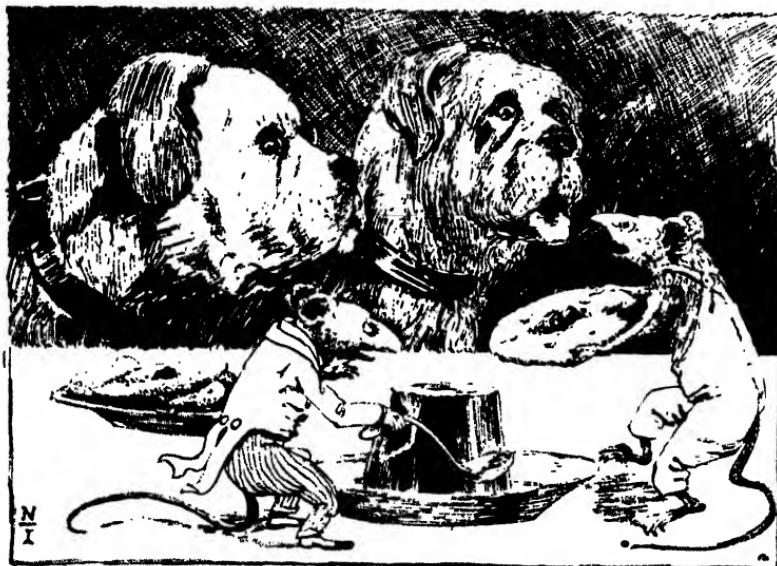
Now you must know that a Town Mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely.

The Town Mouse turned up his long nose at 10 this country fare, and said: "I cannot understand, Cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you cannot expect anything better in the country; come with me and I will



show you how to live. When you have been in town a week you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life."

No sooner said than done; the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the Town Mouse's



home late at night. "You will want something to eat after our long journey," said the polite Town Mouse; and he took his friend into the grand dining room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating

jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard growling and barking.

"What is that?" said the Country Mouse.

"It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other.

"Only!" said the Country Mouse. "I do not like that music at my dinner."

Just then the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper away.

"Good-by, Cousin," said the Country Mouse.

"What! going so soon?" said the other.

"Yes," he replied. "Better beans and bacon in peace than cake and jelly in fear." — *Aesop's Fables*.

rē mains', the left-over pieces; **sud'den ly**: **mas'tiff**, a very large dog; **seam'per**, to run fast.

Did the Town Mouse visit his cousin in the country
 The cousin was rough and ready
 What had he to give his friend to eat
 The Town Mouse did not like these things
 Did he invite the Country Mouse to visit him
 Which of these sentences are statements? Which are questions? Copy them and put the right mark after each.



YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHTS

ALL night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day before my eye.

6 Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

10 So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

15 At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

em'per or, the ruler of a great state or empire; **dif'fer ent**
car'a van, a long procession of men and animals.

How many stanzas in the poem? Which lines rhyme?



THE DREAM-PROCESSION.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day ?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie ;
“Mother, let me fly away.”
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.



What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise, and fly away.”

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.



What time of day is it? Read the line which tells this. Where is "little birdie"? What does he wish to do? Why does he not do it?

What does baby wish to do? Why can she not do it? Could baby really fly? What can she do?

12

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF

THERE was once a young Shepherd Boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain near a dark forest. It was rather lonely for him all day, so he thought upon a plan by which he could get



a little company and some fun. He rushed down toward the village, calling out "Wolf! Wolf!" and the villagers came out to meet him, and some of them stayed with him for a time. This pleased the boy so much that a few days afterward he tried the same trick, and again the villagers came to his help. But shortly after this a Wolf really did come out from the forest, and began to worry the sheep, and the boy of course cried out "Wolf! Wolf!" still louder than before. But this time the villagers, who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again deceiving them, and nobody went to his help. So the Wolf made a good meal of the boy's flock, and when the boy complained, the wise man of the village said:—

"A liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth."

— *Aesop's Fables.*

shep'herd, one who takes care of sheep; **vil'agers**, those who live in a small town; **deceiv'ing**

Copy these sentences and fill the blanks with one of the following words: dark, forest, lonely, flock.

The boy was — all day.

He watched his — till night.

When it was — he drove his sheep home.

He lived near a large —

13

THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

"LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:



Everything can something do ;
But what kind of use are you ? ”

“ Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray !
Don’t you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes ?
Cold, ah, very cold you’d be,
If you had not wool from me.

“ True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring ;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare !

“ Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away,
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.”

— ANN TAYLOR.

10

15

20

Who says the first stanza ? Who says the other three ?
Where does the sheep sleep at night ? Who takes care of him ?
Is his life always happy ? Why ?



14

DICK AND HIS CAT

LONG ago in England there was a little boy named Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young.

He knew nothing about them, and he was left, a poor little ragged, dirty fellow, to run about the streets of a small country village.

As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was in a sad state: he got but little for his dinner, and often had nothing at all for his supper. For all the people in the village were very poor. They could seldom spare Dick so much as a crust of bread.

One day a man who was driving a wagon came through the village. He had two fine large horses to pull it, and, as he walked by their side, he spoke kindly to them, and never whipped them. This made Dick think that he must be a good man.

"If he is kind to the horses," said Dick to himself, "perhaps he will be kind to a poor lad like me." So Dick went up to speak to the carter and asked him to let him walk along by the side of his wagon.

10

The man, hearing from poor Dick that he had no parents, and seeing how ragged his clothes were, took pity on him. He told Dick that he was going with the wagon to London.

"You may come with me if you like," said the man. "I do not think that you can be much worse off there than you are here; and perhaps you may be better off in the great city. You may ride in the wagon if you like."

Dick was glad enough to do this, and the good driver took care to share his food with him on the way. He took as much care of the horses and of Dick as he did of himself. Dick got safe to London.

Now before he had seen the streets of London, Dick had thought that they were made of gold for an old man in the village at home had told him so. But the old man had only been joking:
¶ He meant that people often became rich there.

So Dick ran away from the wagon in a great hurry, to find the golden pavements. But he saw nothing except mud and dirt, and a crowd of people all looking very busy, who took no notice of him.

Instead of being able to pick up little bits of gold from the streets when he wanted money, Dick now found that he could not find even a penny to buy a loaf for himself, and nobody gave him one either.

He stayed all night in the streets, and, next morning, he got up and walked about, asking those whom he met to give him something to keep him from starving.

¶ Hardly any man or boy whom he asked gave him a copper. But at last a woman, seeing his pale face, drew out two pennies and put them into Dick's thin hand.

Being almost too tired and weak to buy food,

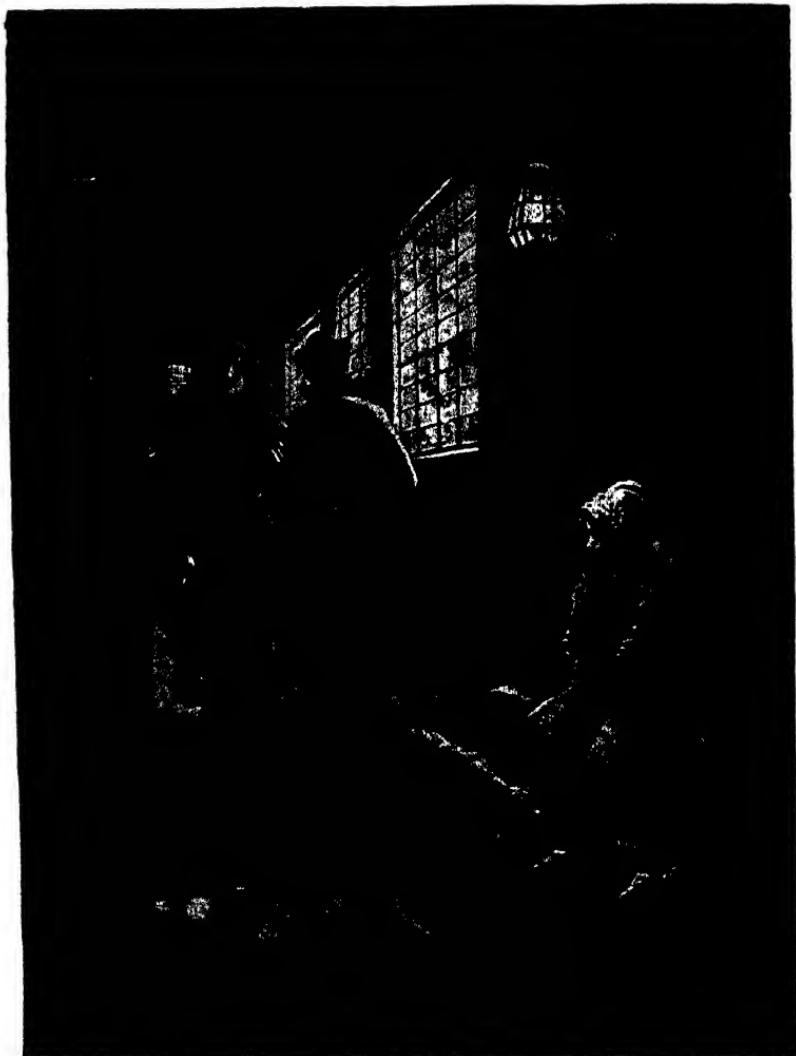
Dick laid himself down on the doorstep of a big house. He almost wished to die, for he felt so lonely and forlorn in that great town, where no one had time to think about a poor little ragged boy.

Oral Exercise. — Read the first four paragraphs. Tell about Dick when he lived in a country village. Read the next five paragraphs. Tell about the man who drove into the village. What did he tell Dick to do? Read the next five paragraphs. Tell what Dick thought about the streets of London. What happened to him the first day?

Written Exercise. — Change the following questions to statements:

Was Dick a poor little country boy? One day did a kind man offer to take him to London? Was Dick glad to go? Did he think the streets were paved with gold? When he reached London did he find any gold? Did he wander about until he was tired and hungry? Then did he lie down upon the doorstep of a big house?

As Dick was hiding his face in his hands and thinking these sad things, he felt something very soft rubbing gently against his neck, which was



close to the hard, cold stone step, and he heard a pleasant sound at his ear. It was the purring of a poor little stray cat, which was trying to make friends with him.

Dick sat up, and stroked puss. "Why, you are just like me!" said Dick. "I believe that you have no home and no friends either, you poor little thing."

When the cat heard Dick speak so kindly to her, she crept into his lap, looking into his face ¹⁰ as if to say, "Are you going to let me come, or will you drive me away, as all the rest of the world does?"

Finding that Dick put one arm around her, she curled herself up, purring loudly, and seemed to ¹⁵ think that she had found a home with him on the doorstep.

"Poor pussy!" said Dick, "how thin you are, and how rough your coat is! Come, I will go and get something for us both to eat." Dick ran ²⁰ along the street with the cat in his arms.

No wonder that the cat was glad to have Dick take care of her. For she had been hunted through the streets for many days. The people

with whom she had lived were gone away, and left poor puss behind to starve in an empty house.

Dick went to a shop and bought milk and bread. It was a fine feast for both him and the cat, and I do not know which of them liked it better.

The rude boys in the street laughed at Dick for running along with a cat in his arms. But he was too brave a boy to care for that. He only hugged his cat the tighter, and laughed at them in return.

That night, Dick had again no place to sleep in but the doorway of a big house. He made himself and his cat as snug as he could, and had just fallen asleep when he heard a cross voice say, "What are you doing here, you lazy scamp?"

This was a cook, who was just coming out. And at the same moment her master came out behind her. He, too, saw Dick, and said: "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem big enough to work. I fear that you must be idle."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick. "I would work with all my heart, but I know no one to give me

work, and I think that I am ill from want of food and a dry, warm bed."

"Poor fellow!" said the rich merchant, who was master of the house. "Come here to me. Let us see what is the matter with you."

Oral Exercise. — What do the first four paragraphs tell about pussy? What do the next four paragraphs tell about how Dick treated pussy? Read the next four paragraphs. Tell what happened to Dick that night.

Written Exercise. — Change these questions to statements:

Did a stray cat come to Dick as he lay on the doorstep? Was he very glad to see the cat? Did he find some food for her? Did Dick and pussy sleep again in a doorway? Did a cross cook try to drive him away? Did the master of the house come out? Did he speak kindly to Dick?

16

DICK AND HIS CAT (*Continued*)

As Dick came up to the merchant, his knees trembled under him, and he looked very ill and weak. He had put the little cat under his jacket, so that the merchant did not notice her.

"You seem half starved," said the merchant.¹⁰ And he told the cook to give Dick a good meal at

once, make him up a bed in the garret, and let him stay with them. He might do what rough work in the kitchen he could for the cook.



Little Dick would have been very happy now,
but for the cross cook, who was finding fault and
scolding all the day long. She would rush at
poor Dick with her broom, and hit him hard on
the head. And what was worse, she chased his

poor little cat right out of the house, and said she would have no cats there.

Dick found his pussy again, and took her up into his own bare and empty garret, where she was safe, for the cook never went there. And a pussy was his only friend at that time.

There was always plenty of food to be had in that house, and Dick was careful to carry to the cat all she needed. But things became worse and worse in the kitchen. 10

The temper of the cross cook was sorely tried by the little mice, which ran over all her nice pies and puddings, and spoilt them as fast as she made them.

She set traps for the mice, but they soon found 15 out the trick, and would not go near them. The cunning little things laughed at cook and her clumsy traps, and made merry all night long over the floor of her room, running races, and keeping her awake. 20

So she grew crosser and crosser, till at last Dick felt as if he could not stand it much longer. But his master was always kind, and he thought that he would never leave him if he could help it.

He thought that things might mend, and he tried to be patient. And his little cat was always ready with a loving greeting when he came to his room.

At last one day Dick's master called all his servants upstairs into his room. He said that a ship of his was going to sail for a foreign land in a few days.

He asked them if any of them would like to send some things out in the ship to be sold. In those days much money was to be made by selling English goods in other lands.

All said that they would like to send something. But poor little Dick said not a word. He had nothing in the world but the clothes he had on, and his cat.

trem'ble, no'tice, gar'ret, cun'ning, clum'sy, pa'tient, serv'ant.

Oral Exercise. — What did the merchant tell Dick? How did the cook treat Dick and his cat? How did Dick care for his cat? What offer did the merchant make to his servants?

Written Exercise. — Write answers to the following questions, making a complete statement each time: —

What did the merchant tell the cook to give Dick? (A good meal and a bed.) What was Dick to do? (Rough work in the kitchen.) How did the cook treat Dick? (Very badly.)

Where did she chase the little cat? (Out of the house.) Where did Dick take his cat? (Into his own garret.) One day what did the merchant say to his servants? (That a ship of his was going to sail to a far-away land.) What did he offer? (To send things and sell them for the servants.) What had Dick to send? (Nothing but his cat.)

17

DICK AND HIS CAT (*Continued*)

Now the merchant had a little daughter, called Alice. She was a kind little girl. She looked at the sad face of poor Dick, and she said in a whisper to her father, "Why does not that little boy speak like the rest?"

"You had better ask him," said the father, giving his little girl a kiss before he went out of the room.

So Alice went up to Dick and asked him why he had not sent some small thing that could be sold for much money in the foreign land, though it cost only a little here.

"All the rest are going to send," said little Alice. "and when the ship comes back they will

get the money. Why do you not send something in the ship, too?"

"I have nothing to send," said poor Dick, looking very sad. "I am a poor boy. I have nothing of my own but a cat."

"I have some money in my purse; I will give it to you," said little Alice. But Dick said that he should not like to take money from the little girl.

10 Just then the merchant came back into the room. He had heard what Dick said about having nothing but a cat.

"Fetch your cat, boy, and let her go," said he. "I heard the captain of the ship say that he 15 wanted a cat to clear the ship of mice. He will give you money for her."

"But," cried Dick, "I could not give up my poor cat. She loves me, and I love her. She has grown such a beauty, sir, and she can almost 20 talk."

But Dick was at last tempted to send his cat. And as he went along the street with her, on his way to the ship, he heard Bow bells begin to ring.

Dick stopped for a moment to listen, and as he did so, their chime came to his ears like the sound of his own name. They seemed to say:—

*“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”*

“This must be my fancy,” said Dick, as he ran on to the house of the captain. “But it is very pleasant to be spoken to kindly, even by the bells. And I wonder whether good fortune is in store for me at last?”

10

The kindly message of the bells, however, could not keep Dick from being very sad at parting with his little friend.

for'eign (*for'in*), far away; **cap'tain**, one who commands an army or a ship; **beauty** (*bü'ty*); **Bōw bells**, the bells of an old church in London.

Oral Exercise. — Which paragraphs tell about Alice and Dick? Would Alice and the merchant have thought more or less of Dick if he had taken the money from Alice? Why?

Which paragraphs tell about the merchant and Dick? Do you think Dick should or should not have let the cat go?

Which paragraphs tell about the bells?

DICK AND HIS CAT (*Continued*)

THE ship, with Dick's cat on board, put out to sea. Soon there was a heavy storm, and the ship was nearly wrecked on the coast of a land then unknown to the English. This land was filled with dark-skinned people called Moors.

When the captain and his men landed on this shore, the natives came in great numbers to gaze at them. They had never seen people with white faces before.

As they came to know the captain and his sailors better, these Moors would go on board the ship. The English sailors showed them all the goods which they had brought from England.

The Moors wished to buy them. As they had gold in great lumps and heaps, they were willing to give a high price for what the servants had sent out from the merchant's house.

The captain, seeing how much pleasure the things gave, sent some of the goods to the king of the country. He was so much pleased with

them that he sent for the captain and his friends to the palace.

Here they sat on cushions and carpets made of rich silk and worked in gold and silver. And the king and queen being seated at the upper end of the table, the dinner was brought in.

But no sooner was the dinner set in front of them, in plates of gold and silver, than a rushing sound was heard. In an instant a whole army of mice and rats came running in. 10

They were so bold that they leaped on the table and began to devour the food from the king's own plate. In a few minutes nothing would have been left.

The guests had to drive them away, and snatch a few hasty morsels before they came back again. But the creatures seemed to care for nothing, for they ran back as fast as they were made to go.

The captain was full of surprise. "Are not these mice and rats a great trouble to you?" he 20 asked the king.

"Oh, yes, they are indeed!" said he. "They not only eat up almost all we have, but they disturb us even in our own bedrooms. We are sadly

afraid that there will be a famine next year, for they are eating up all the seed and corn in the land."

The captain was ready to jump for joy when he heard this, for he remembered the cat which Dick had brought to the ship.

"I think we can help you," he said to the king.

He bade one of his men go to the ship at once and get the cat.

But the king only shook his head, for he had tried all ways to get rid of the rats and mice, without success.

wrecked, broken to pieces; na'tives of a land are those who were born in it; plēas'ure; cush'ion; mor'sel, a little bit of something good to eat; cré'a'ture; de vor', to eat greedily.

Written or Oral Exercise. — Change these statements to questions.

The captain took Dick's cat on the voyage. There was a heavy storm. The ship was nearly wrecked. The captain and his men landed. They sent presents to the king. They were invited to dine with the king. They found many rats and mice in the king's house. The captain sent for Dick's cat.

Tell in which paragraph you find the answer to each question.

DICK AND HIS CAT (Concluded)

TAKING puss in his arms, the man made as much haste as he could. Soon he came into the palace with the cat under his arm purring as loudly as she could.

No sooner did he enter than the cat began to sniff the air. Then she caught a glimpse of the rats and mice, which were still feasting on the table. The cloth was black with them.

In one instant she sprang from his arms. Then there was a wild scene among the rats and mice.¹⁰ They had been so bold before that not even the king could drive them away. But as soon as the cat leaped among them, they rushed here and there in the greatest terror. But puss was too quick for them. She laid a dozen of them dead¹⁵ at the king's feet in half a minute, and all the rest were scared out of their wits, and ran away.

The mice had never seen a cat before, for there were none in that land. The king had never seen one either; and his queen did not know what sort²⁰

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER

of beast puss was at all. But she thought her very pretty.

"What is this strange, useful creature; what is it called?" said the king, "and where did you get it? I will give all I have to buy it from you, rather than be left without one."



So the king sent his men into his treasure rooms, and they brought out great sacks full of gold and jewels. These, the king said, were for the owner of the cat.

When he heard that the cat belonged to a little boy in London, he said: "Tell him the king's

money and jewels will make him a great man. And he himself must make himself a good one. And, as for puss, she shall have one of the best and happiest homes in the world. For she shall live in a king's palace, and sleep on silk cushions, and have good things to eat. And as you see, there will be good hunting here, among all our rats and mice."

After he had sold all the goods in the ship, the captain set sail for England with a shipload of gold.

When they reached London again, they sent for Dick, and showed him the gold and jewels. For a long time he could not realize that his cat had made him very rich.

He gave his friend the captain a handsome present of gold, and he did not forget any of his old friends at home. To each one he gave what he most needed.

Even the cross cook was not passed over, for Dick thought that her bad temper might be made better by a gift, and so it was.

But the one he most wished for was his old friend the cat. Whether he blamed himself for

sending her away, I do not know. But he never forgot her.

When he became a man, he married Alice, the daughter of the merchant. And afterwards, when people had found out how good and wise he was, they made him Lord Mayor of London. And so the song of the Bow bells came true. And to this day the mothers of little English children tell them how Dick's cat made him a great man.

glimpse, a sight; **in'stant**, a very short time, a second; **ter'ror**, fright; **use'ful**; **treas'ure room**, a place where gold and silver and such things are kept; **pal'ace**, a large and beautiful house; **jew'els**; **re'al ize**, believe, understand; **May'or**.

Written or Oral Exercise. — Tell in one statement what the first two paragraphs are about. Make one statement for the third and fourth paragraphs. Make one for each of the following paragraphs : the fifth, the sixth, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth.

Written Exercise. — Make a statement which tells what pussy did when she was first brought into the king's palace. Make one which tells how the king felt. Make one which tells how pussy spent the rest of her life in the palace. One which tells how Dick was made rich. One which tells what he did with his money. One which tells whether he became a good man. One which tells what great honor came to him.

FIRST REVIEW AND SUMMARY

REVIEW

I. 1. Write a statement about a boy. 2. Write a statement about a dog. 3. Write a statement about a book. 4. Write a statement about a box. 5. Write a statement about a top.

II. 1. Ask a question about a girl. 2. Ask a question about a cat. 3. Ask a question about a pencil. 4. Ask a question about a desk. 5. Ask a question about an apple.

III. Write statements in answer to each of these questions:
1. What is a cat? 2. What is a rose? 3. What day is to-day? 4. What is your name? 5. What is your father's name?

IV. Place the proper mark after each of the following sentences: 1. John left the book on the table 2. Did you see it 3. Mary took it away 4. Where did she put it 5. I do not know 6. I think it is on the shelf.

SUMMARY

A statement is a sentence used to tell something. A question is a sentence used to ask something. The first word of every sentence should begin with a capital. The first word of every line of poetry should begin with a capital. A period should be placed after every statement. A question mark should be placed after every question.

THREE COMPANIONS

WE go on our walk together—

Baby and dog and I—

Three little merry companions,

'Neath any sort of sky :

Blue as our baby's eyes are,

Gray like our old dog's tail ;

Be it windy or cloudy or stormy,

Our courage will never fail.

Baby's a little lady ;

Dog is a gentleman brave ;

If he had two legs as you have,

He'd kneel to her like a slave ;

As it is, he loves and protects her,

As dog and gentleman can.

I'd rather be a kind doggie,

I think, than a cruel man.

— DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

com pan'ions, cour'age, kneel, gen'tle man.

What kind of a day does the fifth line tell about? Read the line that tells about a cloudy day. How do you know that the companions will go out in any kind of weather? Read the line that tells that the dog would wait upon the baby.



THREE COMPANIONS

21

THE FOX AND THE CAT

A Fox was boasting to a Cat of its clever tricks for escaping its enemies. "I have a whole bag of tricks," he said, "which contains a hundred ways of escaping my enemies."

"I have only one," said the Cat; "but I can generally manage with that."

Just at that moment they heard the cry of a pack of hounds coming toward them, and the Cat scampered up a tree and hid herself in the boughs.

"This is my plan," said the Cat. "What are you going to do?"

The Fox thought first of one way, then of another; and while he was thinking the hounds came nearer and nearer, and the Fox was caught by the hounds and soon killed by the huntsmen.

Miss Puss, who had been looking on, said, "Better one safe way than a hundred on which you cannot reckon."

THE FOX AND THE CAT



boast, to brag, to talk big ; **en'e mies**, those who would do harm to one ; **bough**, a branch of a tree.

The cat ran very fast. The hound could run as fast. A tree stood near. The cat jumped. The trick saved the cat.

Write these sentences, but change cat, hound, tree, and trick so that they will mean more than one.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

AT one time the Fox and the Stork were on visiting terms and seemed very good friends.



So the Fox invited the Stork to dinner, and for a joke put nothing before her but some soup in a very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up, but the Stork could only wet

the end of her long bill in it. So she left the meal as hungry as when she began.

"I am sorry," said the Fox, "that the soup is not to your liking."

"Pray do not apologize," said the Stork. "I hope you will return the visit, and come and dine with me soon."

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

IN a pond in the mountains there once lived a tortoise. Two wild geese who came there for food made friends with him, and one day when they had become very intimate with him, they said to the tortoise: "Friend tortoise, the place



where we live, at the Golden Cave, on Mount Beautiful, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?"

"But how can I get there?" asked the tortoise.
10 "We can take you, if you can only hold your tongue and say nothing to anybody."

So one day the Fox visited the Stork. But when they were seated at table all that was for their dinner was contained in a very long-necked jar with a narrow mouth, in which the Fox could not insert his snout, so all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not apologize for the dinner," said the ¹⁵ Stork. "One bad ~~tree~~ deserves another."

— *Æsop's Fables.*

in vite'; vis'it; a pol'o gize, to express regrets, to be sorry; contain'; snout, the nose of an animal.

The storks came to dinner. The foxes had soup in a shallow dish. The friends went home early. The foxes returned the visit. The foxes were seated at the tables. Long-necked jars held the soup. The dinners did not last long.

Write these sentences, but change storks, foxes, friends, tables, jars, and dinners to mean only one.



"Oh! I can easily do that. Take me with you."

"Very well," said the wild geese. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their bills, and flew up into the air.

Seeing him thus carried along, some villagers called out, "Two wild geese are carrying a tortoise along on a stick!" Whereupon the tortoise wanted to say, "If my friends choose to carry ¹⁰ me, what is that to you?" So just as the swift flight of the geese had brought him over the king's palace in the great city, he let go the stick he was biting, and falling in the courtyard of the palace, was split in two. ¹⁵

And the king and his servants came out of the palace and found him there. And when the king asked the meaning of this, one of the wise men answered: "O king, this tortoise could not keep from talking. And thus whoever cannot hold ²⁰ his tongue meets with some mishap."

— A Hindoo Fable.



23

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"Oh! I can easily do that. Take me with you."

"Very well," said the wild geese. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their bills, and flew up into the air.

Seeing him thus carried along, some villagers called out, "Two wild geese are carrying a tortoise along on a stick!" Whereupon the tortoise wanted to say, "If my friends choose to carry ^{me}, what is that to you?" So just as the swift flight of the geese had brought him over the king's palace in the great city, he let go the stick he was biting, and falling in the courtyard of the palace, was split in two. 15

And the king and his servants came out of the palace and found him there. And when the king asked the meaning of this, one of the wise men answered: "O king, this tortoise could not keep from talking. And thus whoever cannot hold ²⁴ his tongue meets with some mishap."

— A Hindoo Fable.



talk'a tive, fond of talking ; **tor'toise** (tor'tus) ; **moun'tain** ; **de light'ful**, pleasing ; **in'ti mate**, very friendly ; **mis hap'**, accident.

1. A mountain is very high.
2. Mountains are very high.
3. The pond is frozen.
4. The ponds are frozen.

How many mountains are spoken of in the first sentence ? Do we use **is** or **are** ? How many are spoken of in the second sentence ? Do we use **is** or **are** ? Why do we use **is** in the third sentence ? Why do we use **are** in the fourth sentence ?

Write the following sentences, and fill the blank in each with **is** or **are** : —

The pond ____ in the mountains. Two wild geese ____ flying toward it. They ____ looking for food. A tortoise ____ living in the pond. This tortoise ____ very talkative. The geese ____ going to carry him to their home.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

24

THE SCHOOL

"LITTLE girl, where do you go to school,

 And when do you go, little girl ?

Over the grass, from dawn to dark,

 Your feet are in a whirl :

You and the cat jump here and there,

 You and the robins sing ;

But what do you do in the spelling book ?

 Have you ever learned anything ? "

Thus the little girl answered, —

 Only stopping to cling

10

To my finger a minute,

 As a bird on the wing

Catches a twig of sumach,

 And stops to twitter and swing, —

"When the daisies' eyes are a-twinkle

15

 With happy tears of dew ;

When swallows waken in the eaves,

 And the lamb bleats to the ewe ; .

When the lawns are golden barred,

 And the kiss of the wind is cool ;

20

When morning's breath blows out the stars, —
Then do I go to school!"

"My school roof is the dappled sky;
And the bells that ring for me there

5 Are all the voices of morning
Afloat in the dewy air.

Kind Nature is the Madame;

And the book whereout I spell
Is dog's-eared by the brooks and glens

10 Where I know the lesson well."

Thus the little girl answered,

In her musical outdoor tone:

She was up to my pocket,

I was a man full grown;

15 But the next time that she goes to school,

She will not go alone! — FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

su'mach, a bush that bears red berries; **dap'pled**, spotted; **mu'si cal**, sweet sounding, like music; **glen**, a deep valley; **eaves**, the lower edges of a roof; **dog's-eared**, worn and frayed, like the edges of a much used book.

Who says the first stanza? What question does he ask? Do you think the little girl would learn much in such a school? Who was the teacher? Tell some of the things that you would learn in such a school. Read the line that tells that the man would like to go with her. Why did he wish to go?

THE TIGER AND THE SHADOW

THERE was a "salt-lick" in the jungle to which all the beasts of the forest resorted, but they were greatly afraid because of an old tiger which killed one of them every day.

At length, therefore, Plando the Mouse deer said to the tiger, "Why not permit me to bring you a beast every day, to save you from hunting for your food?"

The tiger agreed, and Plando went off to make arrangements with the beasts.

10

But he could not persuade any of them to go, and after three days he set off, taking nobody with him but Kuwis, the smallest of Flying Squirrels.

On their arrival Plando said to the tiger, "I could not bring you any of the other beasts, because the way was blocked by an old fat tiger with a Flying Squirrel sitting astride its muzzle."

On hearing this the tiger exclaimed, "Let us go and find it and drive it away."

The three therefore set out, the Flying Squirrel 20 perched upon the tiger's muzzle and the Mouse



deer sitting astride upon its hind quarters. On reaching the river, the Mouse deer pointed to the tiger's likeness in the water and exclaimed: "Look there! That is the fat old tiger that I saw."

- On hearing this, the tiger sprang into the river to attack his own shadow, and was drowned.

— SKEAT'S *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*

salt-lick, a place where animals go to lick the earth for the salt in it, **Plan'do**; **Squir'rel**; **Ku'wis**; **a stride'**, with the legs one on each side; **muz'le**, the nose and mouth of an animal; **at tack'**, to fight; **re sort'ed**, went frequently; **per mit'**, allow; **ar riv'al**

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. A tiger was caught. | 8. A squirrel was shot. |
| 2. Tigers were caught. | 4. Squirrels were shot. |

Is "was" used when we speak of one tiger or of more than one? Is "were" used with one or more than one? Why is "was" used in the third sentence and "were" in the fourth?

Fill the blanks in the following sentences with "was" or "were": —

There — a salt-lick in the jungle. The beasts — afraid to come to it. An old tiger — always on the watch for them. The mouse deer — very smart. Flying squirrels — very small. A flying squirrel — perched upon the tiger's muzzle.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

AN Ass once found a Lion's skin which the hunters had left out in the sun to dry. He put it on and went toward his native village. All fled at his approach, both men and animals, and he was a proud Ass that day. In his delight he lifted up his voice and brayed, but then every one knew him, and his owner came up and gave him a sound cudgeling for the fright he had caused. And shortly afterward a Fox came up to him and said, "Ah, I knew you by your voice." 10

Fine clothes may disguise, but silly words will disclose a fool.

— *EsoP's Fables.*

THE LITTLE LAND

WHEN at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play ;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are ;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips ;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go ;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by

Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the ~~sorrel~~ sit,
Where the lady-bird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

6

10

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat,
Round the rain pool sea to float.

14

20

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;

Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
(These have sure to battle been !) —
6 Some are pied with every hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue ;
Some have wings and swift are gone : -
But they all look kindly on.

10 When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain,
High bare walls, great bare floor ;
Great big knobs on drawer and door ;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
15 Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time —
O dear me,
That I could be
20 A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

sor'rel, a little plant; par'cels, bundles; pied, marked with different colors; crim'son, a deep red color; leaf'let, a tiny leaf; coast, the ground next to a body of water; stitch, to sew.

Do you think that a boy or girl is talking in this poem? Why do you think so? Is it a real country the child tells about? Why does he call it "the little land"? Close your eyes and see if you can see it. What kind of people live in this land?

HIE AWAY

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

27

NARCISSUS

10



15

One day the sheep stopped to drink from a little stream. The water in this stream was so clear that it was like a great looking-glass, and reflected everything that leaned over it.

20 Now it happened that while Narcissus was waiting for the sheep to drink, he chanced to see his

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived, in a far-away land called Greece, a young shepherd named Narcissus. All day long he minded his sheep on the hills of Greece, and drove them from place to place to find the very best pasture. .

own face in this wonderful stream. He had never seen his likeness before, and he was so pleased with the pretty picture that he looked, and looked, and looked at it in the water, and forgot all about his sheep.



The sheep waited for a long time near the stream, but at last they wandered away without the shepherd and were lost.

Jupiter, the great god of that country, was very angry with Narcissus for forgetting his sheep, and made up his mind to punish him. So when Narcissus had looked at himself long enough and

turned to go after his flock, he found that his feet had taken root in the earth. He could not move from the side of the stream. He could not lift his head, but must keep it bent down as when he was looking at the reflection of his face in the water.

Little by little, he changed into the flower that we know so well, the narcissus. Now do you see why it is that we find this dainty flower growing on the bank of a stream and always with its pretty head hung down?

—A Greek Legend.

Nar'cis'sus, won'der ful, strange; re flec'tion, image or picture.

What was Narcissus? (A shepherd boy.) Where did he live? (In Greece.) From what did his sheep stop to drink? (A little stream.) What did Narcissus see in this stream? (His own face.) What did he think of it? (Very beautiful.) What did he forget? (His sheep.) What did the sheep do? (They wandered away.) What became of them? (They were lost.) Into what was Narcissus changed? (A flower.) By whom was he changed? (Jupiter.) Why did Jupiter do this? (To punish him for losing his sheep.)

Write the answers to the questions above, making full statements.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily
 Sunshine has fed ;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, " It is good,
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food."
 Little white Lily
 Dressed like a bride,
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
 Droopeth with pain,
 Waiting and waiting
 For the soft rain.



10

15

20

Little white Lily
 Holdeth her cup;
 Rain is fast falling,
 And filling it up.

5 Little white Lily
 Said, " Good again,
 When I am thirsty
 To have nice rain;
 Now I am stronger,
 10 Now I am cool;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

15 Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet;
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain,
 20 Little white Lily
 Is happy again.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

droop, to hang over, as in pain or weakness; **thirs'ty**; **vein** (vane).

Read a line that rhymes with the second line. Read one that rhymes with the sixth line. How many lines in each stanza?

How did Lily look when she drooped? What two things did she need to make her happy? How did she look when she was happy? Why do we say that Lily was dressed like a bride? Read the two lines that tell this. Read a line that tells us something about the shape of the lily. Is there anything that makes you think of Lily as a little girl? What is it?

FERN SONG¹

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
 And spread out your palms again,
 And say, "Tho' the sun
 Hath my vesture spun,
 He had labored, alas, in vain,
 But for the shade
 That the Cloud hath made,
 And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
 Then laugh and upturn
 All your fronds, little Fern,
 And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

6

10

—JOHN B. TABB.

¹ By courtesy of Small, Maynard and Company.

THE LEGEND OF THE GENTIAN



IT was at the dawn of a midsummer day that a tired little fairy went through the fields. She was looking for a friendly flower into which she might crawl and sleep; for fairies, you know, work and play by night, and sleep by day.

Many and many a fairy mile had the little sprite traveled, for she had come from the

16 Queen of the Fairies. She had sent her to carry happy dreams to a little lonely child. She was not only tired, but very thirsty after her long walk. Would none of the flowers give her a drink?

The flowers looked at her but shook their heads.
20 Either they had nothing to give, or else they were unwilling to offer their nectar.

As the fairy turned sadly away, a little gentian felt very sorry for her. She bowed her pretty head and poured out for her the drop of dew which the night had given her. She drank it eagerly and crept away to sleep under a friendly leaf.

"Foolish flower," cried a sister gentian that was standing near, "who will ever repay you for your kindness? When the sun shines upon you, you will droop for want of the dew you have given ^{to} away."

But the little gentian smiled bravely up at the sun. She had had her reward in seeing how happy she had made the little fairy.

Now it happened that the angel who watches ¹⁵ over the flowers had been passing through the field, and had seen the gentian's generous deed. He wished to reward the kind little flower. What could he do for her? Could he make her more beautiful? Yes, he could give deep fringes to her ²⁰ petals, so that she might be one of the loveliest of flowers.

And the other flowers stood about and looked in wonder at the new beauty of their little friend.

But her sister gentian looked at her not only in wonder but in anger. She cried: "I hate you. I will never look at you again."

"No," replied the angel, "you shall never look at her nor at anything else again."

As soon as the angel had spoken these words, the petals of the angry gentian closed. They never opened again, even when the friendly sun shone full upon her. To this day, she is known as the blind gentian, and stands always with her petals tightly closed.

Not so her kindly little sister, the fringed gentian,

"She opens when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;
And then her sweet and quiet eye
Looks through its fringes to the sky."

— MARY E. BROOKS.

leg'end, a story; **gen'tian**, a cup-shaped, deep blue flower; **sprite**, a spirit, a fairy; **nec'tar**, a very fine drink; **gen'erous**, kind; **pet'al**, the leaflike part of a flower; **re ward'**, something given for a good deed; **suc ceeds'**, follows.

The little sprite was very tired. The field was warm and sunny. The flower was drooping. The gentian was holding

some dew. The angel was passing by. The head of the gentian was lifted. The eye of the gentian was open. The fringe was long. The drop of dew was dried up.

Rewrite these sentences so that each shall tell about more than one.



TO A CHILD

SMALL service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

30

SEVEN TIMES ONE

'THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my " seven times " over and over
Seven times one are seven.



- I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;

The lambs play always, they know no better—
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You, moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

10

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;

You've powdered your legs with gold!

O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow, 15
Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it,—

I will not steal it away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,— 20
I am seven times one to-day!

— JEAN INGELOW.

pow'ered ; marsh'mary, a flower ; vel'vet ; lin'net, a bird.

How old was the little girl? Did she live in the city or country? How do you know? Where had the dew gone? What time of day was it when these lines were said? Read the lines that tell that the moon is old. How does the moon look when it is new? Where did the bee get the gold powder? **Would the marshmary buds have gold or silver money to give?** How do you know the little girl was kind?

DAISIES¹

AT evening, when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead.
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

6 And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go.
She is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
10 There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

¹ By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.



31

THE LEGEND OF THE PANSIES

IF you were to show a little German boy a pansy and ask him the name of the flower, he would say, "Little Stepmother." And if you should ask him why he gave that name to the little flower, he would tell you this story. 6

A very long time ago there were strange people who lived in the sea. These queer people had heads and arms like ours, but they had the bodies and tails of fishes. Now it was for one of these sea maidens, or mermaids, that the little flower¹⁰ was called "little stepmother."

This mermaid was the daughter of the king who ruled the North Sea, for the sea folk had kings and queens in those days, just as we have to-day in some countries. There were many¹⁵ islands in this sea and fishermen lived on them.

Among them was a very small island on which lived a very poor man. His wife was dead and he had to care for a family of small children, beside sailing away over the cold sea to catch fish. He was very sad and lonely without his



wife; and every evening he walked on the shore and looked out over the sea and thought about her.

Now the mermaid came very often to sit on the rocks on the island, and she felt very sorry for the poor fisherman and the little motherless children

She felt so sorry for them that she at last changed her form, and left her home in the sea and came to be wife to the fisherman and mother to his little ones.

The king, her father, and her brothers were very angry because she had left her sea home, and they made up their minds to punish her. So one day, when the fisherman was away at sea, they called up a dreadful storm. This storm swept over the island and washed the house, the children, and the little stepmother into the sea.

When the father came back from his fishing, he could not find a trace of his home and family. His friends from the neighboring islands came to comfort him and to mourn for the little stepmother, for she had been very kind and good to every one, and every one loved her.

As they stood upon the spot where she had lived and thought about her, little velvety flowers sprang up at their feet and lifted real little faces toward them. "See," they cried, "the Little Step-mother is with us still"; and they gathered the pretty flowers and called them "Little Step-mothers" in memory of her.

Now you know why it is that the little German boy who lives near the North Sea would call the flower that looks so like a real little face the little stepmother.

—MARY E. BROOKS.

mer'maids, see the picture ; **is'land** (i'länd), a body of land with water all around it ; **mem'o ry**.

The islands are very small. The seas in the north are very cold. The mermaids are playing in the water. Her brothers are swimming with them. The fathers are watching them. The kings of the sea are very powerful. The storms are called up by the kings. The flowers are growing on the island.

Rewrite these sentences so that each shall tell about only one thing.

VIOLETS! deep blue violets!

April's loveliest coronets!

There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale.

None by the dew of twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet

—L. E. LANDON.

32

JACK IN THE PULPIT

JACK in the pulpit

Preaches to-day,

Under the green trees

Just over the way.

Squirrel and song sparrow,

High on their perch,

Hear the sweet lily bells

Ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence

Rises to say

In his low, painted pulpit,

This calm Sabbath day.

Meek-faced anemones,

Drooping and sad;

Great yellow violets,

Smiling out glad;

Buttercups' faces,

Beaming and bright;

Clovers with bonnets,

Some red and some white;

4

10

15

20

Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold in their hair;



5

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning,
In purple gauze dressed —

10

All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

So much for the preacher: 5
The sermon comes next, —

Shall we tell how he preached it?
And where was his text?

Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play 10
At worship in churches

Man-builded to-day, —
We heard not the preacher
Exound or discuss;
But we looked at the people, 15

And they looked at us.
We all saw their dresses —

Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes; 20
We heard the wind organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word.

— CLARA SMITH.

a nem'one, the windflower ; his rev'erence, the preacher
dan'de li on; in'no cents ; guile'less, truthful ; frail, weak ; ge-
ra'nium ; lan'guid ly, in a tired manner ; Sab'bath, Sunday ;
ser'mon ; ex pound', to explain ; discuss', to talk about ; man-
build'ed, built by men.

What was Jack's church ? What was his pulpit ? Why did the lilies ring the church bells ? Who came to hear him preach ? Tell how some of them were dressed. How much of the sermon did they hear ? Why ? Which of all the congregation do you like best ?

What word in the first stanza means the same as minister ? What word in the second stanza means "gathered together" ?

Oh, the green things growing, the green things
growing,

The faint sweet smell of green things growing !
I should like to live; whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the patterning of those green
things growing,

How they talk each to each, when none of us are
knowing ;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are
crowing.

— D. M. MULOCK.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

"YES, the birds must die," said the great men of Killingworth. Spring had come early that year so long ago in Killingworth; and, as the farmers listened to the noisy chatter of the birds, they thought of their crops and feared the little creatures would do them harm.

A meeting was called in the town hall, and the farmers and all the great men of the place went to it. Everybody spoke against the birds, telling how the crows ate the corn, how the robins ate the cherries. They made the poor birds out to be the greatest thieves and most quarrelsome fellows in the world.

Not one good word did anybody say for them, until the schoolmaster stood up and told what he knew of the birds. He said that God had made them, and so they had a right to live. He told how their beautiful songs made all the world brighter; how they ate the worms and bugs and so gave the crops a chance to grow. But the farmers only laughed at him; and the

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER

great men said, "The birds must die." And so the war against the birds began. They fell dead, shot by old and young; and the little birds died of hunger in their nests.

3 The summer came and all the birds were dead. Worms and insects were everywhere. They

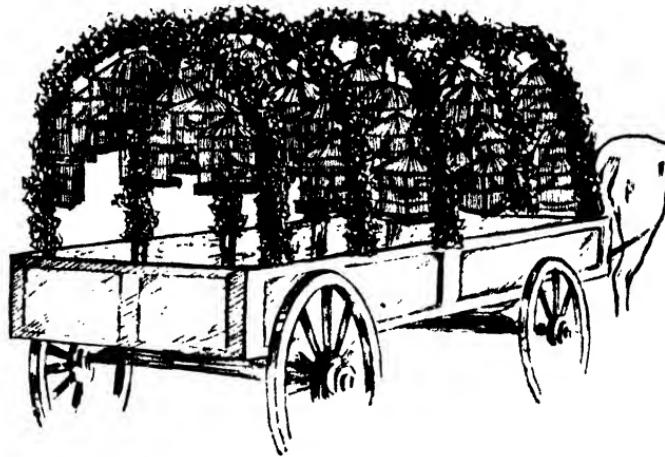


ate the crops, they ate the leaves; so when autumn came, there were no crops to gather into the barns, no leaves for jolly Jack Frost to blow his breath upon and turn to red, to make the world look gay and beautiful.

Then the farmers knew, when it was too late, that they had made a mistake; and the great

men said, "The birds may live." But the birds were dead, how could they live?

The next spring a strange sight was seen in Killingworth. A wagon arched with great boughs of evergreen was driven through the



streets, and on the boughs hung cages in which were birds of every kind. These were to be set free to begin a happy life in Killingworth. The birds were singing merry songs, but no merrier, I think, than the songs the farmers sang when they thought of the good the birds would do; no merrier than those the little chil-

dren sang at sight of the happy little creatures, come back to make the land bright with their songs.

Kill'ing worth ; lis'ten ; hun'ger ; in'sect.

Killingworth, Conn
July 20, 1860.

Dear Ruth.

You would not know Killingworth this year. All of the birds are dead! The farmers killed them. They thought the birds hurt the crops. We children miss them. Do you not feel sorry?

Your friend,

Mary Brown

Look at the mark after Ruth. The marks in the date. That after friend. See which words begin with capitals. Copy the letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 25, 1860.

Dear Mary:

I am very sorry about the birds. The farmers will soon see how wrong they have been. Next year they will bring more birds. Then you will be happy.

Your friend,

Ruth White.

10

Study this letter. Copy it.

34

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet.

15

The sound of the door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
5 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
10 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

15 They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
20 In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

oc cu pa'tion, work ; low'er, to darken ; un guard'ed, not watched ; clam'ber, to climb ; de scend', to come down ; en twine', to surround ; cas'tle ; tur'ret, a tower ; ban dit'ti, robbers ; mus tache' ; fort'ress ; dun'geon, a dark, strong place in which people are shut up ; crum'ble ; mol'der, to decay.

What time of day is it? Who is talking to the children? Where is he sitting? Why does he think that he is like the Bishop in the Mouse Tower? Tell the story of the Bishop. Did the writer of the poem love children? Read the stanzas that tell this.

THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER

IT was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They had belonged to her mother, and were very large, so large, indeed, that the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to escape the carriages. One of the slippers she could not find. A boy seized upon the other and ran away with it. So the little girl went on, her little naked feet blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, looking



the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders.

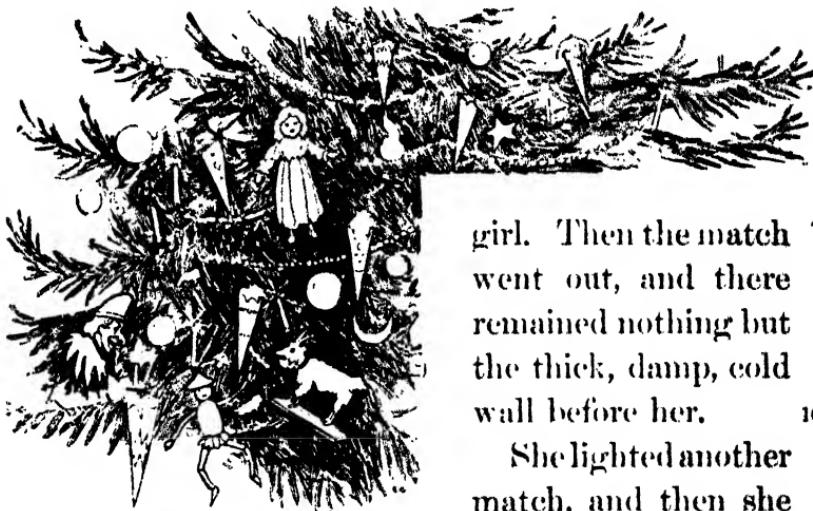
Lights were shining from every window, and there was a fine smell of roast goose in the air, and she remembered that it was New Year's eve. In a corner, between two houses, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, and the wind howled through it, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen. Ah! perhaps a burning match might do some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out — "scratch!" how it sputtered as it burned! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that

she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! It seemed so beautifully warm that she stretched out her feet as if to warm them. But then
10 the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the half-burnt match in her hand.

15 She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell, the wall became as thin as
20 a veil, and she could see into a room of the house. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on



which stood splendid dishes, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little 5



girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her. 10

She lighted another match, and then she

found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautiful than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of lights were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show windows, looked down upon it all. The little girl stretched 15

out her hand toward them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky.
6 Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls,
10 a soul is going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet kind and loving, in her appearance. "Grandmother,"
15 cried the little one, "O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas tree." And she made haste to light the whole
20 bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother appeared more beautiful than ever. She took the little girl in her arms,

and they both flew upward in brightness and joy, far above the earth, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain.

In the dawn of the morning there lay the poor little girl, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall. She had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year; and the New Year's sun rose and shone upon her! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was ~~was~~ burned. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New Year's day.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

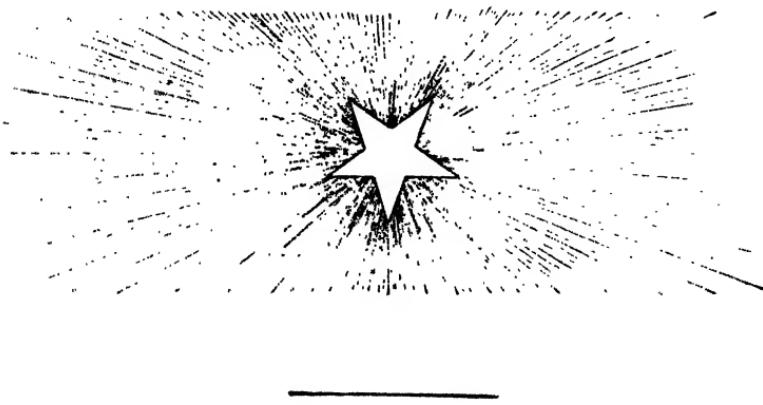
mis'er y, unhappiness, suffering; **hud'dle**, to crouch, to shrink; **sput'ter**; **or'na ment**; **car'riage**.

1. The match has been burned. 3. The girl has been cold.
2. The matches have been burned. 4. The girls have been cold.

How many matches are spoken of in the first sentence? Which word is used, "have" or "has"? Is one or more than one match spoken of in the second sentence? Is "have" or "has" used? Why is "has" used in the third and "have" in the fourth sentence?

Fill the blanks in each sentence with one of the pairs of words: —

(Year or years.) The — have passed away. (Street or streets.)¹ The — has been lighted. (Slipper or slippers.) The — have been lost. (Hand or hands.) Her — have been frozen. (Christmas tree or Christmas trees.) The — — has been lighted. (Snowflake or snowflakes.) The — have melted. (Light or lights.) The — has been put out. (Stove or stoves.) The — have been hot. (Apple or apples.) The — have been wasted.



IN rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And young and old are cold together.

— MARY HOWITT.

36

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

“ AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ? ”
“ I’ve been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see.”



“ And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low ? ”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill ?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;

For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

10

“Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

11

And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

20

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say ?”

“I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“ Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill ;
“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day.



“ ‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the milldam rise.

The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
‘Till the tears fill both his eyes.’

6 “ And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill ;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill ;

10 “ ‘ And there,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn

“ ‘ Oh, the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
15 She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And some they brought the brown lint seed,
And flung it down from the Low ;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ by the sunrise,
20 In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“ ‘ Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright

When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night.'

"And then out spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.'

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

10

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

11

"But, coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below,

20

How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.



“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung ;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

— MARY HOWITT.

Cal'don Low, a hill in England; **corn**, this, in England, means wheat, rye, oats, or barley, not our Indian corn; **shrill**, high and piercing; **mil'dew**, a kind of mold; **dank**, damp; **blithe**, gay, happy; **lint**, flax; **croft**, a garden; **pr'yth'ee**, I pray thee, I beg thee.

Who are talking in this poem? Where has Mary been? What has she seen and heard there? What things were the fairies planning to do for people Mary knew? What made the fairies disappear? How did Mary find that they had kept their word?

O LADY MOON

O LADY MOON, your horns point toward the east: •
Shine, be increased;
O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west:
Wane, be at rest.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

THE FISHER BOY URASHIMA

LONG, long ago there lived on the coast of the sea of Japan a young fisherman named Urashima, a kindly lad, and clever with his rod and line.

Well, one day he went out in his boat to fish. But instead of catching any fish, what do you think he caught? Why! a great big tortoise, with a hard shell and such a funny wrinkled old face and a tiny tail. Now I must tell you something which very likely you don't know; and that is that tortoises always live a thousand years,—at least Japanese tortoises do. So Urashima thought to himself: "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise, in fact better. Why should I kill the poor thing, and prevent it from enjoying itself for another nine hundred years? No, no! I won't be so cruel. I am sure mother wouldn't like me to." And with these words, he threw the tortoise back into the sea.

The next thing that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat; for it was one of those hot summer days when almost everybody enjoys

a nap of an afternoon. And as he slept, there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl, who got into the boat and said: "I am the daughter of the Sea God, and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you caught just now, and so kindly threw back into the water instead of killing it. It was myself. My father, the Sea God, had sent me to see whether you were good or bad. We now know that you are a good, kind boy who doesn't like to do cruel things; and so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, if you like; and we will live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon Palace beyond the deep blue sea."

So Urashima took one oar, and the Sea God's daughter took the other; and they rowed, and they rowed, till at last they came to the Dragon Palace, where the Sea God lived and ruled as king over all the dragons and the tortoises and the fishes.

20

Oh dear! what a lovely place it was! The walls of the Palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails



THE SEA PRINCESS AROSE FROM THE WAVES

of solid gold. Just think of the very most beautiful things that you have ever seen, and put them all together, and then you will know what this palace looked like. And it all belonged to Urashima; for was he not the son-in-law of the Sea God, the husband of the lovely Dragon Princess?

Well, they lived on happily for three years, wandering about every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries. But one morning Urashima said to his wife:— 10

“I am very happy here. Still I want to go home and see my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Just let me go for a short time, and I'll soon be back again.”

“I wish you wouldn't go” said she; “I am 15 very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However, if you will go, there is no help for it. Only you must take this box, and be very careful not to open it. If you open it, you will never be able to come back here.” 20

So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it on any account; and then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

But what had happened while he had been away? Where had his father's cottage gone? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains indeed were there as before; but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close by his father's cottage was still running; but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years. So, as two men chanced to pass along the beach, Urashima went up to them and said: —

“Can you tell me, please, where Urashima’s cottage, that used to stand here, has been moved to?”

“Urashima?” said they. “Why! it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned out fishing. His parents, and his brothers, and their grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is an old, old story. How can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago.”

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima’s mind that the Sea God’s Palace beyond the waves, with

its coral walls and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairy-land, and that one day there was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his three years in the Sea God's Palace had really been hundreds of years. Of course there was no use in staying at home,

now that all
his friends
were dead
and buried,¹⁰
and even the village
had passed away. So
Urashima was in a great hurry
to get back to his wife, the
Dragon Princess beyond the sea. But which was the way?
He couldn't find it, with no
one to show it to him.

"Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave ²⁰ me, I shall be able to find the way."

So he disobeyed her orders not to open the box,—or perhaps he forgot them, foolish boy that



he was. Anyhow he opened the box; and what do you think came out, of it? Nothing but a white cloud which floated over the sea. Urashima shouted to the cloud to stop, rushed about and screamed with sorrow; for he remembered now what his wife had told him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the Sea God's Palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more.

10 Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach. Poor Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years. Wouldn't you like to go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves, where the Sea God lives and rules as king over the Dragons and the tortoises and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, where the fishes' scales are of silver and the dragons' tails are all of solid gold?

—*Japanese Fairy Tale, told by B. H. CHAMBERLAIN.*

U ra shi'ma (*U ra sheē'ma*); **em'cr ald**, a clear, green jewel; **prob'a bly**; **dis o be'di ent**, not obeying commands; **cor'al**, a red or purple substance formed in the sea; **ru'by**, a beautiful red gem.

Fill the blanks with "has" or "have" and tell why you use each word.

The trees — emeralds for leaves. They — rubies for berries. The fish — scales of silver. It — a tail of silver. The dragons — tails of solid gold. They — very large mouths. The fisher boy and the girl — their home in the sea. He — a kind heart. She — a beautiful face.



SECOND REVIEW AND SUMMARY

REVIEW. WRITTEN OR ORAL

I. Use these words in sentences: —

is	was	has
are	were	have

II. Use these words in sentences: —

eat	boy	horse	house	field
cats	boys	horses	houses	fields

III. Make correct statements by using the words in the first column with those in the second.

1. { Dogs } bark or barks.
The dog
2. { Winds } blow or blows.
The wind

3. { The child
Children } cry or cries.
4. { Cocks
The cock } crow or crows.
5. { The bird
Birds } sing or sings.

IV. Fill the blanks in the following sentences:—

1. The boys — gone to school.
2. They — late in starting.
3. The teacher — there early.
4. — does not live far from the school.
5. — do not live far, either.

SUMMARY

“Is” should be used in speaking of one person or thing.

“Are” should be used in speaking of more than one person or thing.

“Are” should be used with “you” whether it means one or more than one.

“Was” should be used in speaking of one person or thing.

“Were” should be used in speaking of more than one person or thing.

“Were” should be used with “you” whether it means one or more than one.

“Has” should be used in speaking of one person or thing.

“Have” should be used in speaking of more than one person or thing.

“Have” should be used with “you” whether it means one or more than one.

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky ;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass —

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all —

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

O you that are so strong and cold !
 O blower, are you young or old ?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me ?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Tell some things which you have seen and heard the wind do.



HIS Highness Fire-flash was a prince who was fond of fishing; and so great was his luck, that big fishes, and little fishes, and all kinds of fishes, came to his line. His younger brother, Prince Fire-fade, was fond of hunting, and all his luck was on the hills, and in the woods, where he caught birds and beasts of every kind.

One day Prince Fire-fade said to his elder brother, Fire-flash: "Let us change. You go and hunt instead of me, and I will try my luck at fishing, if you will lend me your line and hook."

Prince Fire-flash did not care much to change,

and at first said "No"; but his brother kept on teasing him about it, until at last he said, "Very well, then; let us change."

Then Prince Fire-fade tried his luck at fishing; but not a single fish did he catch; and, what was worse, he lost his brother's fishhook in the sea.

Prince Fire-flash asked him for the hook, saying: "Hunting is one thing, and fishing is another. Let us both go back to our own ways." 11

Then said Prince Fire-fade, "I did not catch a single fish with your hook, and at last I lost it in the sea."

But Prince Fire-flash said: "I must and shall have my fishhook." 11

So the younger brother broke his long sword, that was girded on him, and of the pieces made five hundred fishhooks, and begged Prince Fire-flash to take them, but he would not. Then Prince Fire-fade made a thousand fishhooks and said: "Please take them instead of the one which I lost."

But the elder brother said: "No, I must have my own hook, and I will not take any other."

Then Prince Fire-fade was very sorry, and sat down by the seashore, crying bitterly.

By and by the Wise Old Man of the Sea came to him and asked: "Why are you crying so bitterly, Prince Fire-fade?"

Fire-fade told him all the story of the lost fishhook, and that his brother was angry, still saying that he must have that very same hook and no other.

Then the Wise Old Man of the Sea built a stout little boat, and made Prince Fire-fade sit in it. Having pushed it a little from the land, he said:—

"Now go on for some time in the boat; it will be very pleasant, for the sea is calm. Soon you will come to a palace built as of fishes' scales; this is the palace of the Sea King. When you reach the gate, you will see a fine cassia tree, growing above the well, by the side of the gate. If you will sit on the top of that tree, the Sea King's daughter will see you, and tell you what to do."

So Prince Fire-fade did as he was told, and everything came to pass just as the Wise Old Man of the Sea had told him. As soon as he had come to the Sea King's palace, he made haste, and

climbed up into the cassia tree, and sat there. Then came the maidens of the Princess Pearl, the Sea King's daughter, carrying golden waterpots. They were just going to draw water, when they saw a flood of light upon the well. They looked up, and there in the cassia tree was a beautiful young man. Prince Fire-fade saw the maidens, and asked for some water. The maidens drew some and put it in a golden cup, and gave him to drink. Without tasting the water, the prince took the jewel that hung at his neck, put it between his lips, and let it drop into the golden cup. It stuck to the cup, so that the maidens could not take it off; so they brought the cup, with the jewel on it, to the Princess Pearl.

18

When she saw the jewel, the princess asked the maidens, "Is there any one inside the gate?"

So the maidens answered: "There is some one sitting on the top of the cassia tree, above our well. It is a beautiful young man, more beautiful even than our king. He asked for water, and we gave him some; but, without drinking it, he dropped this jewel from his lips into the cup, and we have brought it to you."



THE PRINCE CLIMBED INTO THE CASSIA TREE

Then Princess Pearl, thinking this very strange, went out to look. She was delighted at the sight. But not giving the prince time to take more than one little peep at her, she ran to tell her father, saying:—⁶

“ Father, there is a beautiful person at our gate.”

Then the Sea King himself went out to look. When he saw the young man on the top of the tree, he knew that it must be Prince Fire-fade.¹⁰ He made him come down, and led him into the palace, where he seated him upon a throne made of skins and silk rugs. Then a great feast was spread, and every one was so kind to Prince Fire-fade that the end of it was, he married Princess¹⁵ Pearl and lived in that land for three years.

Now, one night, when the three years had almost passed, Prince Fire-fade thought of his home and what had happened there, and heaved one deep sigh.²⁰

Princess Pearl was grieved, and said to her father:—

“ We have been so happy these three years, and he never sighed before; but last night he heaved

one deep sigh. What can be the meaning of it?"

So the Sea King asked the prince to tell him what ailed him, and also what had been the reason of his coming to that land. Then Prince Fire-fade told the Sea King all the story of the lost fishhook, and how his elder brother had behaved.

The Sea King at once called together all the fishes of the sea, great and small, and asked, "Has any fish taken this fishhook?"

So all the fishes said, "The *tai* has been complaining of something sticking in his throat, and hurting him when he eats, so perhaps he has taken the hook."

So they made the *tai* open his mouth, and looked in his throat, and there, sure enough, was the fishhook. Then the hook was washed and given to Prince Fire-fade. The Sea King also gave him two jewels. One was called the tide-flowing jewel, and the other was called the tide-ebbing jewel. And he said then to the prince:—

"Go home now to your own land, and take back the fishhook to your brother. In this way you shall plague him. If he plant rice fields in

the upland, make you your rice fields in the valley; and if he make rice fields in the valley, do you make your rice fields in the upland. I will rule the water so that it may do good to you, but harm to him. If Prince Fire-flash should be angry with you for this and try to kill you, then put out the tide-flowing jewel, and the tide will come up to drown him. But if he is sorry, and asks pardon, then put out the tide-ebbing jewel, and the tide will go back and let him live." 10

Then the Sea King called all the crocodiles and said:—

"His Highness Prince Fire-fade is going to the upper world; which of you will take him there quickly and bring me back word?" 15

And one crocodile, two fathoms long, answered, "I will take him to the upper world, and come back in a day."

"Do so, then," said the Sea King, "and be sure that you do not frighten him as you are crossing 20 the middle of the sea."

He then seated the Prince upon the crocodile's head and saw him off.

The crocodile brought him safe home in one

day, as he had promised. When the crocodile was going to start back again, Prince Fire-fade untied the dirk from his belt, and setting it on the creature's neck, sent him away.

¶ Then Prince Fire-fade gave the fishhook to his elder brother, and in all things did as the Sea King had told him to do. So from that time Prince Fire-flash became poor, and came with great fury to kill his brother. But, just in time, 10 Prince Fire-fade put forth the tide-flowing jewel to drown him. When he found himself in such danger, Prince Fire-flash said he was sorry. So his brother put forth the tide-ebbing jewel to save him.

¶ When he had been plagued in this way for a long time, he bowed his head, saying:—

“From this time forth, I submit to you, my younger brother. I will be your guard by day and by night, and in all things serve you.”

—*Japanese Fairy Tale, told by Mrs. T. H. JAMES.*

cas'sia, an Eastern tree; **ta'i** (**ta'e**) a kind of fish; **croc'c dile**, **fath'om**, a measure, six feet long; **dirk**, a small sword, a dagger.

Copy these sentences, using other words for those printed in **italics** :—

Big fish and *little* fish came to his line.
The wise old man built a *stout* boat.
The prince *made haste* to reach the Sea King's palace.
He said that the sea was *calm*.
The maidens saw a *beautiful* young man.
The princess thought this very *strange*.
She was *delighted* with the jewel.
The Sea King was very *kind* to the prince.
He used the jewels to *plague* his brother.
(You see there are different ways of saying the same thing.)



ULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

—*From the Old Gaelic.*

din, a confused noise; knowes, low hills.

Where does the baby live? How do you know? Do you think the family is rich or poor? Why do you think so? At what do you think the father works? Why do the brother and sister seek the sheep and cows? Try to *think* how the picture looks. Tell how it looks.



THE WONDERFUL MIRROR

A LONG, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they have been long since forgotten.

It happened once while the little girl was still young, that the father was obliged to go to the great city the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little girl to go, so he set out alone, after bidding them good-by and promising to bring them home some pretty present.

The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being a little frightened at the thought of her husband taking such a long journey; and yet she was a little proud, too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the big town where the king and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband back, so she dressed the child in its best clothes, and herself put on a pretty blue dress which she knew her husband liked.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see him come home safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon the journey and in the town itself.

"I have brought you a very pretty thing," said he to his wife; "it is called a mirror. Look and tell me what you see inside."

He gave to her a plain, white wooden box, in which, when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other was bright as the clearest crystal. Into it the young mother looked with delight and astonishment, for from its depths was looking at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a smiling, happy face.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband.

pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves 10 her lips as if she was speaking, and, dear me, how odd, she has on a blue dress just like mine!"

15 "Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of 20 knowing something that his wife didn't know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror; in



the town everybody has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough; for you must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so, of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for everyday use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Mindful of her own little passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, the mother kept the mirror carefully hidden away, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl. 20

She never spoke of it, and as for the father, he had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks,

or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a terrible misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good, kind mother fell sick; and, although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she got worse and worse, until at last there was no hope, and she must die.

When she found that she must so soon leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she was going to leave behind, and most of all for her little daughter.

She called the girl to her and said: "My darling child, you know that I am very sick; soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning; there you will see me, and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from its hiding place and gave it to her daughter. The child promised, with many tears, and so the mother, seeming now calm and resigned, died a short time after

Now this obedient and dutiful daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place, and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother,—not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day; to her in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in what-¹⁰ ever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as if in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her lifetime, and careful always to avoid what might pain or grieve her.

15

Her greatest joy was to be able to look in the mirror and say: "Mother, I have been to-day what you would have me to be."

Seeing her every night and morning, without fail, look into the mirror, and seem to hold con-²⁰verse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her."

Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and how she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face, by constant sympathy and association becoming more and more like her dead mother's ¹⁰ day by day.

— *Japanese Fairy Tale*, told by MRS. T. H. JAMES.

crys'tal, clear, like glass; **prē'cious**, valuable; **en cour'age ment**; **sim plic'i ty**; **sym'pa thy**; **vis'ion**, something seen.

Write these sentences, using the following words in place of those that mean about the same thing: *fancy, glad, toys, much, wonderful, mirror, ornamented, bright, delight*.

You may imagine how delighted the good wife was to see her husband. The little girl laughed with joy when she saw the pretty playthings. He had a great deal to tell of the strange things he had seen. He brought his wife a looking-glass. It was decorated on one side. It was clear as crystal on the other. The wife looked at it with great pleasure.

42

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And whit' owl's feather!



THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER

Down along the rock shore
Some make their home :
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs.
All night awake.

10 High on the hilltop
The old king sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.

15 With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses :
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

20 They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;

When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

10

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

15

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men :

20

Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

rush'y, overgrown with rushes or reeds ; **crag'gy**, rough and rocky ; **Northern Lights**, the Aurora, a display of light seen at night in the northern sky ; **Slieve'league** (Sleev'leeg).

Who is talking ? Of what is he afraid ? What made him so afraid ? How are they dressed ? Where do they live ?

Why is the mountain called "airy" ? What is a 'rushy glen ? What are the crispy pancakes ? Why have they frogs for watchdogs ? Read the line that tells that the old king does not know much. Are you afraid of the little-men ? Why not ?

- WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry :
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
- 10 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

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THE UGLY DUCKLING



IT was beautiful in the country ; it was summer-time ; the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows. The sunshine fell warmly on an old house, surrounded by deep canals. From the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being seen. The spot was as wild as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a Duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs; but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone. She had been there a long time, and had few visitors; for the other Ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock leaves gossiping with her.

At last the eggs cracked one after another, "Tchick! tchick!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another peeped forth. "Quack! quack!" said the Duck, and all got up as well as they could. They peeped about from under the green leaves; and, as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones; for they found their present life very different from their former one, while yet in the eggshells.

"Do you imagine this to be the whole of the world?" said the mother. "It extends far beyond the other side of the garden to the pastor's field, but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up. "No, not all; the largest egg is still unbroken. How long will this last? I am so weary of it!" And then she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" asked an old Duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg keeps me so long," said the mother. "It will not break; but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little duck-

THE UGLY DUCKLING

lings I have seen in all my days. They are all like their father,—the good-for-nothing fellow, he has not been to visit me once!"

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old Duck: "depend upon it, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones; for they were afraid of the water, and I could not get them there. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg—¹⁰ ah, yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I have been sitting so long, that I may as well ¹¹ spend the harvest here."

"It is no business of mine," said the old Duck, and away she waddled.

The great egg burst at last. "Tchick! tchick!" said the little one, and out it tumbled—but, oh, ²⁰ how large and ugly it was! The Duck looked at it. "That is a great, strong creature," said she; "none of the others are at all like it; can it be a young turkey cock? Well, we shall soon find

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out; it must go into the water, though I push it in myself."

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves when Mother Duck with all her family went down to the canal. Plump she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam



together in the pleasantest manner; their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly, gray one.

"No! it is not a turkey," said the old Duck; "only see how prettily it moves its legs! how upright it holds itself! it is my own child. It is also really very pretty, when one looks more closely at it. Quack! quack! Now come with me, I will take you into the world, and introduce

you in the duck yard; but keep close to me, or some one may tread on you; and beware of the cat."

bur'dock, a weed with a large, coarse leaf; **canal'**, a large ditch filled with water, often used for boats; **introduce'**.

Oral Exercise. — Where had the mother duck hidden her nest? Why? Why did she have to sit so long on the nest? What did she think of the duck that came out of the great egg?

Written or Oral. — Make one statement in answer to each of these questions.

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THE UGLY DUCKLING (*Continued*)

So they came into the duck yard. There was a horrid noise. Two families were quarreling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the Mother Duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, was fond of eels. "Now use your legs," said she, 'keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most noted

of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her appearance and manners. *And look, she has a red rag on her leg! that is considered very handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have.* Don't turn your feet inward. A well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and



mother, just so—look!
now bow your necks, and
say 'quack.'

And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked at them, and said aloud: "Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already. How ugly that one is; we will not endure it." And one of the ducks flew at him, and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother; "he is doing no one any harm."

THE UGLY DUCKLING

"Yes, but he is so large and so strange-looking, and therefore he shall be teased."

"Those are fine children that our good mother has," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; I almost wish it could be hatched over again."

"That cannot be, please your Highness," said the mother. "Certainly he is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. I think he will grow like the others all in good time, and perhaps will look smaller. He stayed so long in the eggshell, that is the cause of the difference;" and she scratched the Duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. "Besides," added she, "he is a drake: I think he will be very strong, therefore it does not matter so much; he will fight his way through."

"The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me."

And accordingly they made themselves at home. But the poor little Duckling who had come

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE READER

last out of its eggshell and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens.

“It is so large!” said they all. And the turkey cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an emperor, puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the Duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do. He was quite distressed because he was so ugly, and because he was the jest of the poultry yard.

So passed the first day, and afterward matters grew worse and worse—the poor Duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, “The cat catch you, you nasty creature!” The mother said, “Ah, if you were only far away!” The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him.

ap'pear'ance ; dis tinc'tion ; ed'u ca ted.

Which paragraphs tell how the ugly duckling was treated in the duck yard? Make one statement which tells this.

Oral or Written.—Make this same statement in as many different ways as you can.

THE UGLY DUCKLING (*Continued*)

THE Duckling ran over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "That is because I am so ugly," thought Duckling, shutting his eyes, but on he ran. At last he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night, so tired and so comfortless. In the morning the wild ducks flew up, and perceived their new companion. "Pray, who are you?" asked they; and our little Duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible.

"You are really very ugly!" said the wild ducks; "however, that does not matter to us, provided you do not marry into our families." Poor thing! he had never thought of marrying. He only begged permission to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor.

There he lay for two whole days; on the third day there came two wild geese, or rather ganders, who had not been long out of their egg-shells, which accounted for their impertinence.

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“Hark you,” said they, “you are so ugly that we like you very well; will you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said ‘hiss, hiss.’ You are truly in the way to make your fortune, ugly as you are.”

Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese lay dead among the reeds. The water became red with blood. Bang! a gun went off again; and whole flock of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed.

There was a grand hunting party; the hunters lay hidden all around. Some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist; the hounds splashed about in the mud, the reeds and rushes bent in all directions. How frightened the poor little Duck was! He turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings, and in a moment a most terrible-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He

■■■■■

opened wide his jaws at the sight of our Duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and splash, splash! he was gone,—gone without hurting him.

“ Well ! let me be thankful,” sighed he ; “ I am so ugly, that even the dog will not eat me.”

And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, shot following shot. ✓

The noise did not stop till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir. He¹⁰ waited several hours before he looked around him, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some trouble in getting along. ¹⁵

Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut. The wind blew very hard, so that our poor little Duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail, in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then saw that the door had²⁰ lost one of its hinges, and hung so much awry that he could creep through the opening into the room.

In this room lived an old woman, with her cat

and her hen; and the cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Short-legs";



she laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning the new guest was seen; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking round. However, her eyes were not good, so she took the young Duckling to be a fat duck

who had lost her way. "This is a capital catch," said she; "I shall now have duck's eggs."

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they thought themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The Duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but this the hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked. 10

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? can you purr?" 11

"No."

"Well, then, you should have no opinion when sensible persons are speaking."

So the Duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humor. However, he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong wish to swim again, that he could not help telling it to the hen. 12

"What ails you?" said the hen. "You have

nothing to do, and therefore brood over these fancies; either lay eggs or purr, then you will forget them."

"But it is so fine to swim!" said the Duckling;
"so fine when the waters close over your head,
and you plunge to the bottom!"

"Well, that is a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen; "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman—there is no one in the world wiser than she. Do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in the waters closing over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the Duckling.

"What, we do not understand you! So you think yourself wiser than the cat and the old woman, not to speak of myself. Do not fancy any such thing, child, but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. But you are silly, and it is tiresome to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. Come.

for once give yourself the trouble to learn to purr, or to lay eggs."

"I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the Duckling.

"Well, go," answered the hen.

per mis'sion; pas'sage; has'ten, to hurry; a wry', crooked.

Oral Exercise.—Tell all about the duckling and the wild geese. Tell about his escape from the dog. Tell how the hut looked. Tell about who lived in the hut. How did they treat the duckling? At last, what did he do?

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THE UGLY DUCKLING (*Concluded*)

So the Duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness. And the autumn came. The leaves turned yellow and brown, and the wind caught them and danced¹⁰ them about. The air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with hail or snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked,—the poor Duckling was certainly not very comfortable!

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a flock of large, beautiful birds rose from out of the brush-wood. The Duckling had never seen anything so ~~beautiful~~ before. Their feathers were of a dazzling white, and they had long, slender necks. They were swans; they uttered a strange cry, spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and ~~the~~ little Ugly Duckling's feelings were so strange.

He turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel, strained his neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry that it almost frightened himself. Ah! he could not ~~forg~~ get them, those noble birds! those happy birds!

When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again he was almost beside himself. The Duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither ~~they~~ were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He envied them not, and it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself. He would have been quite contented if the ducks in ~~the~~ duck yards

had but endured his company — the poor, ugly Duckling.

And the winter was so cold, so cold! The Duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing. Every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so that the crust of ice crackled; and the Duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely. At last, wearied out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a man, who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife.

He now revived. The children would have played with him, but our Duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room. The good woman screamed and clapped her hands; and he flew into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked!

The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs. The children ran races with each other

trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open. He jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow, and lay there as in a dream.

5 *But it would be too sad to tell all the trouble that he was obliged to suffer during the winter. He was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warmly again, the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned.*

10 *And once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forward quickly; and, before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple trees stood in full bloom. Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They displayed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The Duckling knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange*
15 *sadness.*

“I will fly to them, those kingly birds!” said he. “They will kill me, because I am so ugly; but it matters not. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the

hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!" He flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful creatures; they saw him and ran forward to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor animal, and he bowed his head low, expecting death; but what did he see in the water? He



saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, gray bird — it was that of a swan.

It matters not to have been born in a duck's yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

Some little children were running about in the garden. They threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a

new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan come!" and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They ran to their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He scarcely knew what to do, he was so happy; but still he was not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

He remembered how he had been persecuted, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The trees bent down their branches toward him low into the water, and the sun shone warm and bright. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was only the ugly Duckling!"

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

croak, to make a harsh, grating cry; **com'fort a ble**; **oc cur'**, to happen; **poul'try**, barnyard fowls, such as chickens, geese, and ducks; **per'se cute**, to tease, annoy; **moor**, a wild, level place.

Write a statement in answer to each of these questions :—

To what did the duckling go? How long did he stay there? Who found him and took him to his home? Why did the duckling leave this home?

When spring came where was he? What did he meet swimming on the canal? How did they treat him? When he looked at himself in the water, what did he find he was?

Copy the sentence beginning, "It matters not," etc.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow,
the Dove,

The Linnet, and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,

And singing and loving all come back together.

"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they! 10
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."
'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim, 15
When he loves his Love, and his Love loves him.

THE PEA BLOSSOM



HERE were once five peas in one shell. They were green, and the shell was green, and so they believed that the whole world must be green also. The shell grew, and the peas grew. They suited themselves to their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night, as it generally is; and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

“Are we to sit here forever? Shall we not become hard by sitting here so long? It seems to me there must be something outside, and I feel sure of it,” said one.

And, as weeks passed by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they,—and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one,—just what they all wanted. "I should like to know which one of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five. "We shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack," went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly, and said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can," said he, and he was gone in a moment.

"I intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly," said the second; and away he went.

"We shall go to sleep wherever we find ourselves; we shall still be rolling onwards," said the two next; and they did certainly fall on the floor, and roll about before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.

10 "What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter; and as he spoke he flew up under an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crack which was almost filled up with moss and fine earth. The moss closed itself round him, and there he lay, a captive indeed, but not unnoticed by God.

"What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

20 Within the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform such like hard work. Yet she remained always poor, and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown

up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," said the woman; "I had but the two children, and it was not an easy thing to support both of them; but the good God helped me in my work, and took one of them to Himself and provided for her. Now I would gladly keep the other that was left to me, but I suppose they are not to be separated,¹⁰ and my sick girl will very soon go to her sister above." But the sick girl still remained where she was; quietly and patiently she lay all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

15

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window, and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window.²⁰ "Mother," she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and halt

opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is really a little pea which has taken root and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have gotten into this crack? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child, in the evening; "the sun has shone in so brightly and warmly to-day, and the little pea is doing so well; I shall get on better too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother; but she did not believe it would be so. But she propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine round it when it shot up. And it did shoot up, indeed it might easily be seen to grow from day to day.

"Now, really, here is a flower coming," said the

old woman, one morning; and now at last she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might really recover. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with spar-



kling eyes at her little garden, which contained only a single pea plant. A week after, the sick girl sat up for the first time a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. The day was to her like a festival.

"Our heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel from God.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter on the roof of a house and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two lazy ones were carried quite as far, for they also were eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use; but the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, till he had swelled to a great size.

"I am getting beautifully fat," said the pea, "I expect I shall burst at last; no pea could do more than that, I think; I am the most remarkable of all the five which were in the shell." But the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health upon her cheeks; she folded her thin hands over her pea blossom, and thanked God for what he had done.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

po si'tion; **im me'di ate ly**, at once; **ten'dril**, part of a vine by which it holds itself up in climbing; **trans par'ent**, that can be seen through; **pig'eon**; **a gree'a ble**, pleasant.

As the peas grew bigger and bigger, what did they feel? Read the exact words that one of them said. (When we repeat the exact words that another person says, we *quote* the words. The words quoted are called a *quotation*.)

Give five more sentences containing quotations from this lesson. What words in each are quoted? With what kind of a letter does each quotation begin? Notice the little mark placed after the quotation. This mark is called a comma. Notice the double marks placed before and after the quotation. These are called quotation marks.

ULLABY

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

How many stanzas in the poem? Read two lines that rhyme. Who is singing this song? To whom is she singing it? About whom is she singing? Where is he? Read a line which makes you think this. Read the next to the last line. Is the moon really silver? Why, then, do we speak of the silver moon? Ask your teacher to teach you the music to which this song is usually sung.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES¹

WHEN we are fast asleep in bed,
 And hear in dream the sound of song,
 The moon and stars high overhead
 Are making music all night long.

— GABRIEL SETOUN.

¹ From *The Child's World*, by courtesy of John Lane.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

In times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her:—

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt have a daughter."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen had a daughter so beautiful that the king¹⁰ could not contain himself for joy; and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them¹⁵ in his kingdom; but as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forth to present to the child their wonderful²⁰ gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third

riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself; and without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice:—

“In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead.”

And without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift; and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it, so she said:—

“The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years.”

Now the king, being very desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, commanded that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen



THE WISE WOMEN PRESENT THEIR GIFTS

years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and cor-

ners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spin-

• dle, diligently spinning her flax.

“Good day, mother,” said the princess; “what are you doing?”

“I am spinning,” answered the old woman, nodding her head.



"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden; and, taking the spindle in her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.⁵ In that very moment she fell back upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court.¹⁰ The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook who was going¹⁵ to box the scullion's ears for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

or dained', appointed; **ac quaint'ance**; **spin'dle**, part of a spinning wheel; **de sir'ous**; **mis for'tune**; **a dorn'**, to make beautiful; **flick'er**; to flare up and die down again, to tremble; **proph'e cy**, something foretold; **dil'i gent ly**, busily; **scul'lion**, a boy who helps in the kitchen; **spit**, an iron fork or rod on which meat was roasted.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

THEN round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the top of the roof.
And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, died there a lamentable death.

Many a long year afterward there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell that there was a castle standing behind a hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, with the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass

the thorn hedge, but had been caught and pierc'd by the thorns, and had died a miserable death.

Then said the young man : " Nevertheless, I do not fear to try ; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard he saw the horses and the brindled hunting dogs lying asleep ; and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had his hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchenmaid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and queen. All was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing.

At last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and came to the room where Rosamond lay. When he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; he stooped and kissed her, and she opened her eyes, and looked kindly on him. And she rose and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the field; the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed, and cooked the meat; the joint on the spit began to roast; the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the Prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

— GRIMMS' *Fairy Tales.*

lam'en ta ble, sad; en chant'ed, held by a magic spell; dis-
suade', to persuade against a thing.

51

THE REVIVAL

I

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.

There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;

A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

6

II

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,

The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,

The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,
The maid and page renewed their strife,

The palace banged, and buzzed, and clacked,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

10

15

16

III

And last with these the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself upreared,
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!"

- 5 How say you? we have slept, my lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap."
 The barons swore, with many words,
 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.



IV

- 10 "Pardy," returned the king. "but still
 My joints are somewhat stiff or so."

My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mentioned half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply;
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

— ALFRED TENNYSON, from *The Day Dream*.

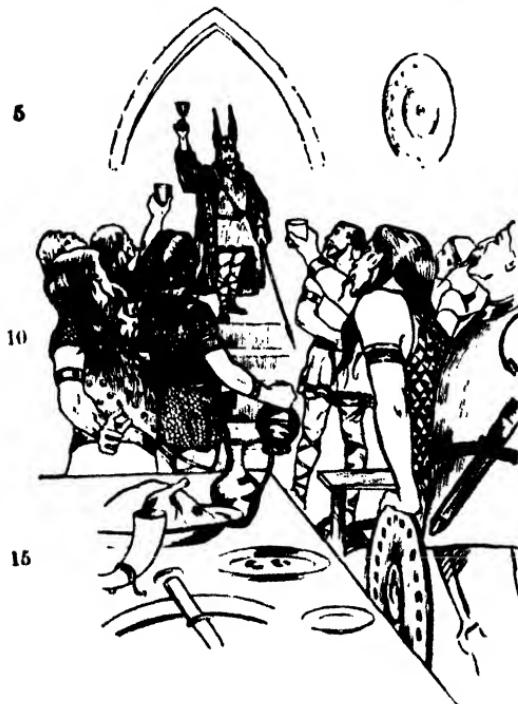
il lu'mined, lightened; **up'reared**, lifted; **hub'bub**, confused noise; **stew'ard**, one who has charge of the household; **chan'celor**, one of the king's advisers; **cat'a ract**, a down-rushing stream; **cour'te ous**, polite; **rood**, the cross; **roy'al**, kingly; **se date'**, dignified.

Of what story does this poem tell the ending? Read the same part of the story. Which do you like the better? Why?

What is meant by "A fuller light illumined all"? Why should a steward scrawl? Explain in your own words the last two lines of the second stanza. Say the second line of the third stanza in other words. Use another word for "courteous" in the sixth line of the fourth stanza. Another word for "dallied" in the seventh line of the same stanza. Ask your teacher to read to you more of the poem from which this is taken.

THE BEAR AND THE TROLL

ONE Christmas Day, the king of Norway sat in the great hall of his palace holding a feast.



"Here's a health," said he, "to our brother, the king of Denmark! What present shall we send our royal brother, as a pledge of our good will, this Christmas time?"

"Send him, please your Majesty," said the Norseman Gunter, who was the king's chief hunts-

man, "one of our fine white bears, that his liege-men may show their little ones what sort of kittens we play with."

"Well said, Gunter!" cried the king; "but how shall we find a bear that will travel so long a journey willingly, and will know how to behave himself to our worthy brother when he reaches him?"

"Please your Majesty," said Gunter, "I have a glorious fellow, as white as snow, that I caught when he was a cub; he will follow me wherever I go, play with my children, stand on his hind legs, and behave himself as well as any gentleman ought to do. He is at your service, and I will myself take him wherever you choose."

So the king was well pleased, and ordered Gunter to set off at once with Master Bruin. "Start with the morning's dawn," said he, "and make the best of your way."

The Norseman went home to his house in the forest; and early next morning he waked Master Bruin, put the king's collar round his neck, and away they went over rocks and valleys, lakes and seas, the nearest road to the court of the king of Denmark. When they arrived there, the king was away on a journey, and Gunter and his fellow-traveler set out to follow. It was bright weather,

the sun shone, and the birds sang, as they journeyed merrily on, day after day, over hill and dale, till they came within a day's journey of where the king was.

5 All that afternoon they traveled through a gloomy, dark forest; but toward evening the wind began to whistle through the trees, and the clouds began to gather and threaten a stormy night. The road, too, was very rough, and it was
10 not easy to tell which was more tired,—Bruin or his master. What made the matter worse was that they had found no inn that day by the roadside, and their provisions had fallen short, so that they had no very pleasant prospect before them
15 for the night.

“A pretty affair this!” said Gunter; “I am likely to be charmingly off here in the woods, with an empty stomach, a damp bed, and a bear for my bed fellow.”

20 While the Norseman was turning this over in his mind, the wind blew harder and harder, and the clouds grew darker and darker; the bear shook his ears, and his master was at his wits' end. Just then, to his great joy, a woodman came whistling

along out of the woods by the side of his horse, which was dragging a load of fagots. As soon as he came up, Gunter stopped him, and begged hard for a night's lodging for himself and his companion.

The woodman seemed hearty and good-natured



enough, and was quite ready to find shelter for the huntsman; but as to the bear, he had never seen such a beast before in his life, and would have nothing to do with him on any terms. The hunts-¹⁰ man begged hard for his friend, and told how he was bringing him as a present to the king of Denmark, and how he was the most good-natured,

best-behaved animal in the world, though he must allow that he was by no means one of the handsomest.

The woodman, however, was not to be moved.
6 His wife, he was sure, would not like such a guest, and who could say what he might take into his head to do? Besides, he should lose his dog and his cat, his ducks and his geese; for they would all run away for fright, whether the
10 bear was disposed to be friends with them or not.

"Good night, master huntsman!" said he. "If you and old shaggy-back there cannot part, I am afraid you must stay where you are, though you will have a sad night of it, no doubt." Then he
15 cracked his whip, whistled up his horse, and set off once more on his way homeward.

maj'es ty, a title applied to kings; **fag'ots**, sticks of fire-wood; **liege'men**, faithful subjects of a king; **threat'en**; **pro-vis'ions**, food; **Bru'in**, a name given to bears.

What present did the king of Norway send? Why did he choose that? Tell about Gunter's meeting with the woodman. Why was the woodman so afraid of the bear? Use another expression for "at his wits' end," in the ninth paragraph.

THE BEAR AND THE TROLL (*Continued*)

THE huntsman grumbled, and Bruin grunted, as they followed slowly after, when, to their great joy, they saw the woodman, before he had gone many yards, pull up his horse once more and turn round.

“Stay, stay!” said he; “I think I can tell you of a plan better than sleeping in a ditch. I know where you may find shelter, if you will run the risk of a little trouble from a troublesome imp that has taken up its abode in my old house down¹⁰ the hill yonder.

“You must know, friend, that till last winter I lived in yon snug little house that you will see at the foot of the hill if you come this way. Everything went very smoothly with us till one¹⁵ unlucky night, when the storm blew as it seems likely to do to-night, some spiteful guest took it into his head to pay us a visit; and there have ever since been such noises, clattering, and scampering upstairs and down, from midnight till the²⁰

cock crows in the morning, that at last we were quite driven out of house and home.

“What he is like no one knows, for we never saw him or anything belonging to him, except a little crooked high-heeled shoe that he left one night in the pantry. But though we have not seen him, we know he has a hand or a paw as heavy as lead, for when it pleases him to lay it upon any one, down he goes as if the blacksmith’s hammer had hit him.

“There is no end of his monkey tricks. If the linen is hung out to dry, he cuts the line. If he wants a cup of ale, he leaves the tap running. If the fowls are shut up, he lets them loose. He puts the pig into the garden, rides upon the cows, and turns the horses into the hay yard; and several times he nearly burnt the house down by leaving a candle alight among the fagots.

“And then he is sometimes so nimble and active that when he is once in motion nothing stands still around him. Dishes and plates, pots and pans, dance about, clattering, making the most horrible music, and breaking each other to pieces; and sometimes, when the whim takes him,

the chairs and tables seem as if they were alive, dancing a hornpipe, or playing battledore and shuttlecock together. Even the stones and beams of the house seem rattling against one another; and it is of no use putting things in order, for the first freak the imp took would turn everything upside down again.

“ My wife and I bore such a lodger as long as we could, but at length we were fairly beaten; and as he seemed to have taken up his abode in the house, we thought it best to give up to him what he wanted. And the little rascal knew what we were about when we were moving, and seemed afraid we should not go soon enough. So he helped us off; for on the morning we were to start, as we were going to put our goods upon the wagon, there it stood before the door ready loaded; and when we started we heard a loud laugh, and a little sharp voice cried out of the window, ‘ Good-by, neighbors! ’ ”

20

“ So now he has our old house all to himself to play his gambols in, whenever he likes to sleep within doors; and we have built ourselves a snug cottage on the other side of the hill, where we

live as well as we can, though we have no great room to make merry in. Now if you, and your ugly friend there, like to run the hazard of sleeping in the elf's house, pray do. Yonder is the road. He may not be at home to-night."

"We will try our luck," said Gunter; "anything is better, to my mind, than sleeping out of doors such a night as this. Your troublesome neighbor will perhaps think so, too, and we may have to fight for our lodgings; but never mind, Bruin is rather an awkward hand to quarrel with, and the goblin may perhaps find a worse welcome from him than your house dog could give him. He will, at any rate, let him know what a bear's hug is; for I dare say he has not been far enough north to know much about it yet."

Then the woodman gave Gunter a fagot to make his fire with, and wished him a good night.

horn'pipe, a kind of wild dance; **bat'tle dore and shut'tle-cock**, a game in which a light ball is tossed about on a small wide bat; **haz'ard**, risk; **gam'bos**, pranks, tricks.

Tell in your own words about each of the following:—

What the woodman told the huntsman he might do. Why the woodman had left the house. What the spiteful guest had done. The moving. What the huntsman decided to do.

THE BEAR AND THE TROLL (*Continued*)

HE and the bear soon found their way to the deserted house, and no one being at home they walked into the kitchen and made a capital fire.

“Lack-a-day!” said the Norseman; “I forgot one thing. I ought to have asked that good man for some supper; I have nothing left but some dry bread. However, this is better than sleeping in the woods. We must make the most of what we have, keep ourselves warm, and get to bed as soon as we can.” So after eating up all their crusts, and drinking some water from the well close by, the huntsman wrapped himself up close in his cloak, and lay down in the snuggest corner he could find. Bruin rolled himself up in the corner of the wide fireplace, and both were fast asleep, the fire out, and everything quiet within doors long before midnight.

Just as the clock struck twelve the storm began to get louder, the wind blew, a slight noise within the room wakened the huntsman, and all on a sudden in popped a little ugly troll, scarce three

spans high, with a hump on his back, a face like a dried pippin, a nose like a ripe mulberry, and an eye that had lost its neighbor. He had high-

heeled shoes, and a pointed red cap, and came dragging after him a nice fat kid, ready skinned, and fit for roasting.

“A rough night this,” grumbled the goblin, “but, thanks to that booby woodman, I’ve a house to myself; and now for a hot supper and a glass of good ale till the cock crows.”



No sooner said than done. The troll busied himself about, here and there. Presently the fire blazed up, the kid was put on the spit and turned

merrily round. A keg of ale made its appearance from a closet; the cloth was laid, and the kid was soon dished up for eating. Then the little imp, in the joy of his heart, rubbed his hands, tossed up his red cap, danced before the hearth, and sang his song:—

“ Oh! ‘tis weary enough abroad to bide,
 In the shivery midnight blast;
And ‘tis dreary enough alone to ride,
 Hungry and cold,
 On the wintry wold,
 Where the drifting snow falls fast.

“ But ‘tis cheery enough to revel by night,
• In the crackling fagot’s light;
‘Tis merry enough to have and to hold 15
 The savory roast,
 And the nut-brown toast,
 With jolly good ale and old.”

The huntsman lay snug all this time, sometimes quaking, in dread of getting into trouble, and sometimes licking his lips at the savory supper before him, and half in the mind to fight for it with the imp. However, he kept himself quiet in

his corner, till all of a sudden the little man's eyes wandered from his cheering ale cup to Bruin's carcass, as he lay, rolled up like a ball, fast asleep in the chimney corner.

6 The imp turned round sharp in an instant, and crept softly nearer and nearer to where Bruin lay, looking at him very closely, and not able to make out what in the world he was.

“One of the family, I suppose!” said he to
10 himself.

But just then Bruin gave his ears a shake, and showed a little of his shaggy muzzle.

“Oh, ho!” said the imp; “that's all, is it? But what a large one! Where could he come from?
15 And how came he here? What shall I do? Shall I let him alone or drive him out? Perhaps he may do me some mischief, and I am not afraid of mice or rats. So here goes! I have driven all the rest of the live stock out of the house, and
20 why should I be afraid of sending this brute after them?”

With that the elf walked softly to the corner of the room, and taking up the spit, stole back on tiptoe till he got quite close to the bear; then he

raised his weapon, and down came a rattling thump across Bruin's head that sounded as hollow as a drum. The bear raised himself slowly, snorted, shook his head, then scratched it, opened first one eye, then the other, took a turn across the room, and grinned at his enemy, who, somewhat alarmed, ran back a few paces, and stood with the spit in his hand, foreseeing a rough attack. And it soon came; for the bear, rearing himself up, walked leisurely forward, and putting out one of his paws¹⁰ caught hold of the spit, jerked it out of the goblin's hand, and sent it spinning to the other end of the kitchen.

pip'pin, a kind of apple; **span**, the distance a man can stretch with the hand from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the middle finger; **sa'ver y**, sweet smelling; **car'cass**, a body; **weap'on**, something with which one fights; **bide**, to dwell.

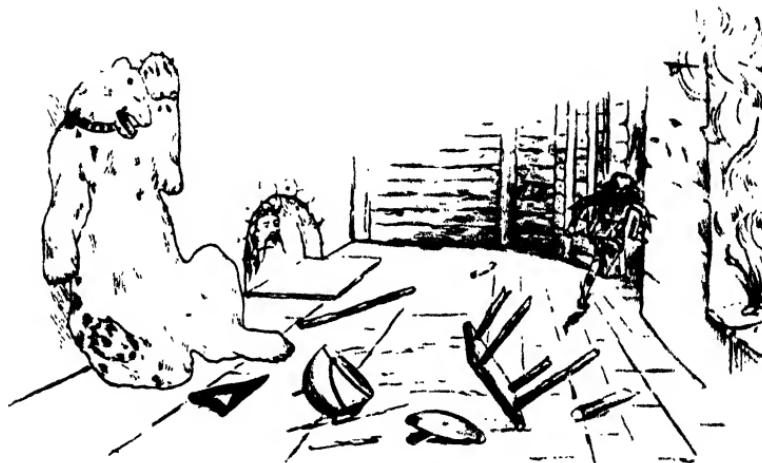
How did the huntsman and bear make themselves comfortable? Describe the troll. What did he do? What happened when he saw the bear? What did he think the bear was?

THE BEAR AND THE TROLL (*Continued*)

AND now began a fierce battle. This way and that way flew tables and chairs, pots and pans. The elf was one moment on the bear's back, lugging his ears and pommeling him with blows ₆ that might have felled an ox. In the next, the bear would throw him up in the air, and treat him as he came down with a hug that would make the little imp squall. Then he would jump up upon one of the beams out of Bruin's reach; ₁₀ and soon, watching his chance, would be down astride his back.

Meantime Gunter had become sadly frightened, and seeing the oven door open crept in for shelter from the fray, and lay there quaking for fear. ₁₅ The struggle went on thus a long time, without its seeming at all clear who would get the better, — biting, scratching, hugging, clawing, roaring, and growling, till the whole house rang. The elf, however, seemed to grow weaker and weaker; ₂₀ the rivals stood for a moment as if to get breath, and the bear was getting ready for a fierce attack.

when, all in a moment, the troll dashed his red cap right in his eye, and while Bruin was smarting with the blow and trying to recover his sight, darted to the door, and was out of sight in a moment, though the wind blew, the rain pattered, and the storm raged, in a merciless manner.



"Well done! Bravo, Bruin!" cried the huntsman, as he crawled out of the oven, and ran and bolted the door. "Thou hast combed his locks rarely; and as for thine own ears, they are rather in the worse for pulling. But come, let us make the best of the good cheer our friend has left us!"

So saying, they fell to and ate a hearty supper.

The huntsman, wishing the troll a good night and pleasant dreams, laid himself down and slept till morning ; and Bruin tried to do the same, as well as his aching bones would let him.

In the morning the huntsman made ready to set out on his way, and had not gone far from the door before he met the woodman, who was eager to hear how he had passed the night. Then Gunter told him how he had been awakened, what sort of creature the elf was, and how he and Bruin had fought it out.

"Let us hope," said Gunter, "you will now be well rid of the gentleman. I suspect he will not come where he is likely to get any more of Bruin's hugs ; and thus you will be well paid for your entertainment of us, which, to tell the truth, was none of the best ; for if your ugly little tenant had not brought his supper with him, we should have had but empty stomachs this morning."

The huntsman and his fellow-traveler journeyed on, and let us hope they reached the king of Denmark safe and sound ; but, to tell the truth, I know nothing more of that part of the story.

pom'mel (pum'mel), to beat; **fray**, a fight; **mer'ci less**; **re cov'er**; **en ter tain'ment**.

Tell about the battle between the troll and the bear. How the huntsman and bear enjoyed themselves. What happened in the morning? Which paragraphs tell about each of these?

56

THE BEAR AND THE TROLL (*Concluded*)

THE woodman, meantime, went to his work, and did not fail to watch at night to see whether the troll came, or whether he was thoroughly frightened out of his old home by the bear, or whatever he might take the beast to be, that had handled him as he never was handled before. But three nights passed over, and, no traces being seen or heard of him, the woodman began to think of moving back to his old house.

On the fourth day he was out at his work in the forest; and as he was taking shelter under a tree from a cold storm of sleet and rain that passed over, he heard a little cracked voice singing, or rather croaking in a mournful tone. So he crept along quietly, and peeped over some bushes, and there sat the very same figure that

the huntsman had described to him. The goblin was sitting without any hat or cap on his head, with a woe-begone face, and with his jacket torn into shreds, and his leg scratched and smeared with blood, as if he had been creeping through a bramble bush. The woodman listened quietly to his song, and it ran as before :—

“ Oh ! 'tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast ;
10 And 'tis dreary enough alone to ride
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow falls fast.”

“ Sing us the other verse, man ! ” cried the woodman, for he could not help cracking a joke on his old enemy, who he saw was in the dumps at the loss of his good cheer and the shelter against the bad weather. But the instant his voice was heard the little imp jumped up, stamped with rage, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

The woodman finished his work and was going home in the evening, whistling by his horse's side,

when, all of a sudden, he saw, standing on a high bank by the wayside, the very same little imp, looking as grim and sulky as before.

"Hark ye, bumpkin," cried the troll, "canst thou hear, fellow? Is thy great cat alive, and at home still?"

"My cat?" said the woodman.

"Thy great white cat, man!" thundered out the little imp.

"Oh, my cat!" said the woodman, at last recollecting himself. "Oh, yes, to be sure! alive and well, I thank you; very happy. I'm sure, to see you and all



your friends, whenever you will do us the favor to call. And hark ye, friend! as you seem to be so fond of my great cat, you may like to know that she had five kittens last night."

5 "Five kittens?" muttered the elf.

"Yes," replied the woodman, "five of the most beautiful white kittens you ever saw,—so like the old cat, it would do your heart good to see the whole family,—such soft, gentle paws, such delicate whiskers, such pretty little mouths!"

"Five kittens?" shrieked out the imp again.

"Yes, to be sure!" said the woodman; "five kittens! Do look in to-night about twelve o'clock — the time, you know, that you used to come and see us. The old cat will be so glad to show them to you, and we shall be so happy to see you once more. But where can you have been all this time?"

"I come? not I, indeed!" cried the troll.
20 "What do I want with the little wretches? Did not I see the mother once? Keep your kittens to yourself. I must be off; this is no place for me. Five kittens! So there are six of them now? Good-by to you, you'll see me no more;

so bad luck to your ugly cat, and your beggarly house!"

"And bad luck to you, Mr. Crookback!" cried the woodman, as he threw him the red cap he had left behind in his battle with Bruin. "Keep clear of my cat, and let us hear no more of your pranks, or bad luck to *you!*"

So, now that he knew his troublesome guest had taken his leave, the woodman soon moved back all his goods and his wife and children into their snug old house. And there they lived happily, for the elf never came to see them any more; and the woodman every day after dinner drank, "Long life to the king of Norway," for sending the cat that cleared his house of vermin.

16

— *Norse Fairy Tale.*

shreds, strips; bram'ble, brier; in the dumps, gloomy, sad; bump'kin, a dull fellow; rē col lect'; del'i cate; ver'min, troublesome small animals.

Which paragraphs tell about the first meeting between the woodman and the goblin? About the second meeting? What did the woodman then do?

Write a paragraph about each of the following groups:—

The king of Norway. What he sent to the king of Denmark. By whom he sent it.

The huntsman. The woodman he met. Where he spent the night. Who lived in the house then.

The troll. What he was. What he did when he came home. The fight with the bear. The troll left the house.

The woodman. How he met the troll. What he told the imp. What the troll did. The moving back of the woodman.

57

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.

Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 " Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,
 " Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
 Who is this that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him.
 Of the stars that shine in heaven; 10
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
 Showed the Death Dance of the spirits,
 Warriors with their plumes and war clubs,
 Flaring far away to northward 15
 In the frosty nights of Winter;
 Showed the broad white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows. 20

Hia wä'tha (Hē a wä'tha), reindeer; **lin'den**; **Gitch'ee**
Gu'mee, Indian name for Lake Superior; **No ko'mis**; **Ish'koo-**
dah.

What name is given to the Indian's house? Read the lines

that tell where it stood. Why are the pine trees called "black and gloomy"? What is the "beat" of the water? What is meant by Hiawatha's linden cradle? How are the cradles of the Indian babies different from those of our babies? Use another word for "wail." Which do you think is the better word here?

Why did Nokomis call Hiawatha little owlet? What are the "fiery tresses of the comet"? What did Nokomis really show Hiawatha "flaring far away to northward"? What name do we give to the "broad white road in heaven"?

Describe in your own words Hiawatha's home. His cradle

58

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD (*Continued*)

AT the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,

And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”

5

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
‘Tis her body that you see there.”

10

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ ‘Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;

15

20

All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."



When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

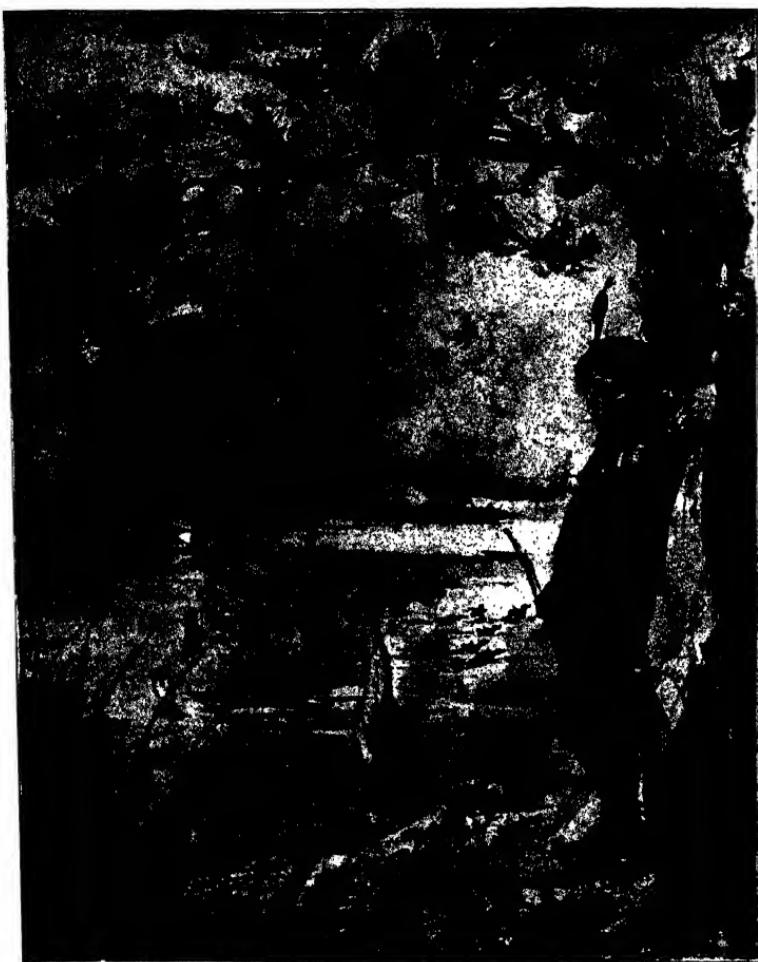
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language, 5
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens." 10

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly, 15
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Why did Hiawatha call the firefly "little, flitting, white-fire creature"? What word in the poem tells just the sound made by the pine tree? by the water? What word describes the motion of the firefly? What kind of sound is made by the owl? What did Hiawatha call the birds? The beasts?

Tell in your own words how Hiawatha spent his evenings.



HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

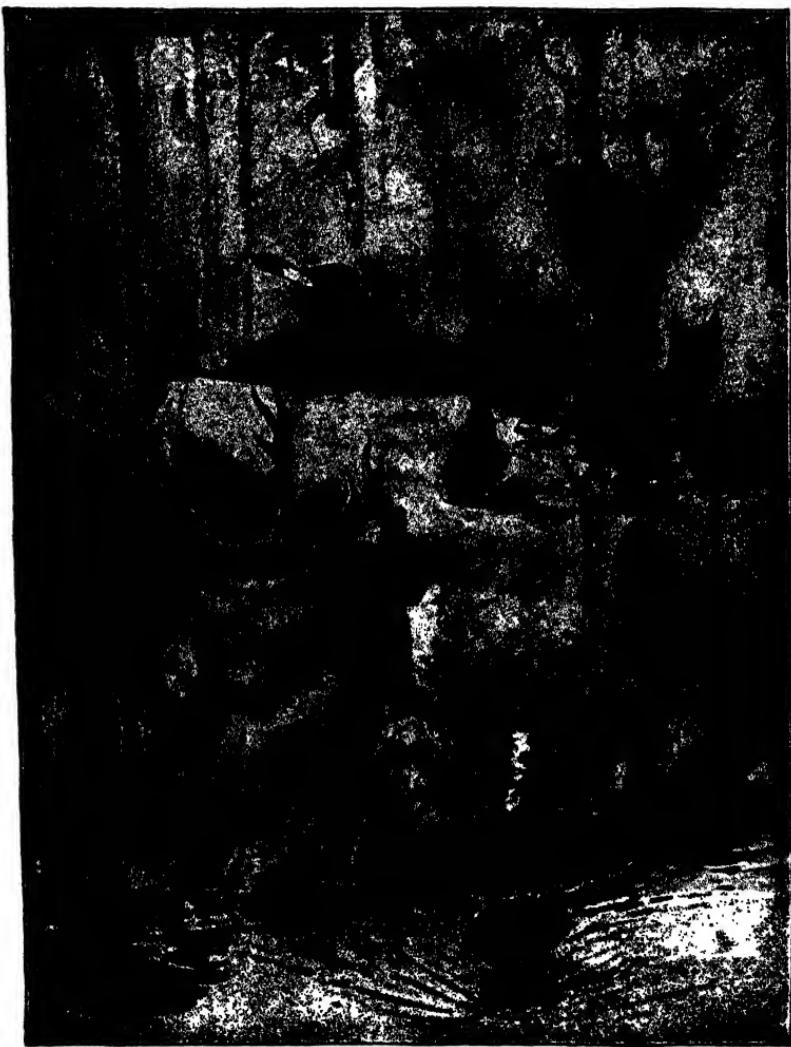
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HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD (*Concluded*)

THEN Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha : 10
“ Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! ”

Forth into the forest straightway 15
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ,
And the birds sang round him, o'er him.
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”
Sang the robin, the Opechée. 20



HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket.

Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
5 Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
10 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled ;
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
15 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow ;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Read the lines that describe Iago. From what kind of a tree did he make Hiawatha's bow? his arrows? Of what was the cord? Why did he use a tip of flint? Why wing the arrow with feathers? Were the birds and squirrels afraid of Hiawatha now? What word would you use instead of "sing," if the birds were afraid?

Tell in your own words how Iago made the bow and arrow.

What is a ford across a river? Why did Hiawatha go there? Read two lines that show that the deer looked out for danger. Why did he point his nostrils to windward? Read the lines that tell how Hiawatha felt when he saw the deer coming. Read the lines that tell that the deer heard the least sound of danger. What two words are used to describe the sound made by the arrow?

60

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN CORN

HIAWATHA had fasted for three long days. He had prayed, not for great things for himself, but that good might come to his people. He had watched the birds and fishes, he had looked on the berries and fruits, and he felt that these were not enough to give life and strength to his people. So he prayed that the Great Spirit would send them some gift whereby they could live.

The sun was just setting on the evening of the fourth day of Hiawatha's fasting, when a young man stood in the door of his wigwam. He seemed to have sprung from the ground. He was dressed in green and yellow, and plumes of green fell over his hair, which was soft and golden.

"O Hiawatha," he said, "the Great Spirit has

heard your prayer, has heard how you prayed for the good of your people, and he will send an answer to that prayer. Rise and fight with me."

Weak and tired as he was, Hiawatha rose and fought with the stranger, and the stranger was defeated. Once more the stranger youth came at sunset and fought with Hiawatha, and once more Hiawatha won the victory.

On the third evening the stranger said, "Yet once more we shall struggle, Hiawatha, and I shall fall. Strip my garments and plumes from me, and make a bed in the earth for me to lie in, where the rain may fall upon me, and the sun may come and warm me. Cover me with a loose, light covering of earth and let nothing trouble me. Come yourself and tend me till I wake again and spring up into the glad sunlight." Then the stranger disappeared.

The next night he came again. They fought as before and the stranger fell. Hiawatha placed him in the earth as the youth had told him, and went home to his people, weak and faint from his long fasting.

Day by day he tended and watched the grave

of the stranger, till at length a small green feather shot slowly upward from the earth. This was followed by many more, until the maize, or Indian corn, stood in all its beauty before him; and he knew the dress of green and yellow, the plumes of green, and the soft golden hair of the stranger, over whom he had won the victory. And Hiawatha went back to his people, to tell them of the wonderful gift the Great Spirit had sent to them.

Hiawatha feels that his people do not live well. Berries and fruits are not enough for them. He prays that harm may not come to them. He has not eaten for three days. He is not strong after his fasting. He does not refuse to fight with the stranger.

Hiawatha feels that his people don't live well. Berries and fruits aren't enough for them. He prays that harm mayn't come to them. He hasn't eaten for three days. He isn't strong after his fasting. He doesn't refuse to fight with the stranger.

Read the sentences in each paragraph that mean the same. How are they not alike? In making "don't" from "do not," what letter is left out? What takes its place? This mark is called an **apostrophe**.

Words which have a letter or letters left out are called **contractions**.

Write these sentences, making contractions when you can:

Hiawatha was not defeated. The stranger did not win any of the contests. Hiawatha could not refuse to bury the youth.

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

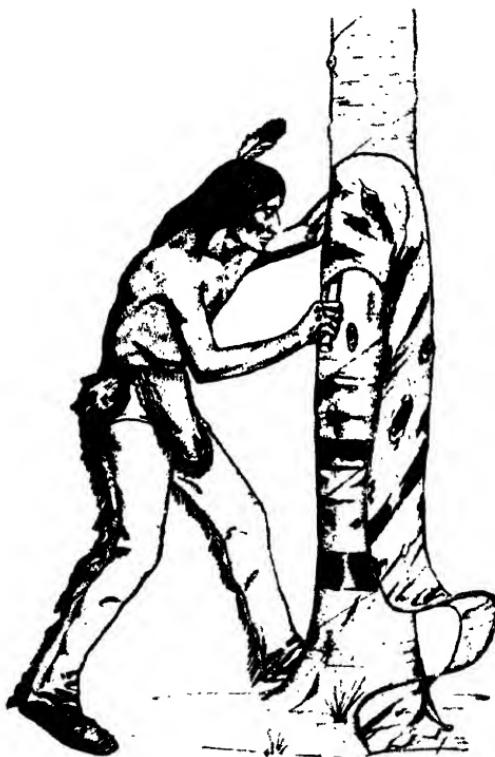
“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!

10 “Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

15 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches.
Just above the roots, he cut it,



Till the sap came oozing outward,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom.
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,

With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
5 My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
10 But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
15 Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
20 That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

What does Hiawatha call the bark of the birch tree in the tenth line? Why? What is meant by a “white-skin wrapper?” What word describes the sound made by the leaves? Read the line that tells that he cut all round the trunk.

Read the lines that tell why Hiawatha asked the cedar tree for its boughs. Did the tree wish to give its branches? Read the lines that tell this.

Read the lines that tell of the sorrow of the larch tree. What other name does Hiawatha give the larch?

62

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE (*Concluded*)

“GIVE me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
6 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

10 "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

15 From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers
20 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;

LANGUAGE READER

wrought them,
shining girdle,
gleaming necklace,
stars resplendent.
Canoe was builded
the river;
the forest,
he was in it,
d magic,
f the birch tree,
of the cedar,
ple sinews;
he river
in autumn,
r lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A poem why Hiawatha wanted the
it words tell of how the fir tree
seventh line mean the leaves of
ips of balsam called? Why?
to give his quills? Tell in your
named his canoe. Read the same

THE CONCEITED APPLE BRANCH

IT was the month of May. The wind still blew cold; but from bush and tree, field and flower, came the welcome sound, "Spring is come." Wild flowers covered the hedges. The apple tree knew that spring had come. For one of its branches hung fresh and blooming, and covered with delicate pink blossoms just ready to open. The branch knew how beautiful it was. It was therefore not surprised when a carriage, in which sat a young lady, stopped in the road just by. She said that an apple branch was one of the loveliest things that the spring brought. The branch was broken off for her, and she held it in her hand and sheltered it from the sun with her silk parasol. Then they drove to the castle, in which were beautiful halls and splendid rooms. Pure white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and lovely flowers stood in shining vases. In one of these vases, which looked as if it had been cut out of pure snow, the apple branch was



ON THE WAY TO THE CASTLE

placed among some fresh, light twigs of beech. It was a charming sight. Then the branch became proud; and this was very much like human beings.

Many people came into the room, and all admired the beautiful apple branch. Some said nothing, others said too much. And the apple branch began to think about the differences in the people he saw. As he stood before the open window, he could see out over gardens and fields.¹⁰ And there he saw flowers and plants, some rich and beautiful, some poor and humble.

"Poor, despised weeds," said the apple branch; "there is really a difference between them and such as I am. How unhappy they must be, if¹⁵ they can feel as I do! There is a difference indeed, and so there ought to be, or we should all be equals."

And the apple branch looked with a sort of pity upon them, especially on a certain little flower that is found in fields and ditches. No one gathered these flowers; they were ~~too~~ common; they were even known to grow between the paving stones, shooting up everywhere, like

bad weeds; and they bore the very ugly name of "dog flowers" or "dandelions."

"Poor, despised plants," said the apple bough; "it is not your fault that you are so ugly, and 5 that you have such an ugly name; but it is with plants as with men,—there must be a difference."

"A difference!" cried the sunbeam, as he kissed the blooming apple branch, and then kissed the yellow dandelion out in the fields. All were 10 brothers, and the sunbeam kissed them—the poor flowers as well as the rich.

"You do not see very far nor very clearly," he said to the apple branch. "Which is the despised plant you pity so much?"

15 "The dandelion," he replied. "No one ever gathers it. It is often trodden under foot, there are so many of them. And when they run to seed they have flowers like wool, which fly away in little pieces over the roads, and cling to the 20 dresses of the people. They are only weeds; but of course there must be weeds. Oh, I am really very thankful that I was not made like one of these flowers!"

There came presently across the field a group

of children. The youngest of them was so small that he had to be carried by the others; and when he was seated on the grass, among the yellow flowers, he laughed aloud with joy, kicked out his little legs, rolled about, plucked the yel-



low flowers, and kissed them in childlike innocence. The elder children broke off the flowers with long stems, bent the stalks one round the other, to form links, and made first a chain for the neck, then one to go across the shoulders and hang down to the waist, and at last a wreath to

wear round the head, so that they looked quite splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. But the eldest among them gathered the faded flowers, on the stem of which
5 was the seed in the form of a white fairy crown. These loose, airy wool flowers are very beautiful, and look like fine snowy feathers or down. The children held them to their mouths, and tried to blow away the whole crown with one puff of the
10 breath. They had been told by their grandmothers that whoever did so would be sure to have new clothes before the end of the year.

“Do you see,” said the sunbeam, “do you see the beauty of these flowers? Do you see
15 their powers of giving pleasure?”

20



“Yes, to children,”
said the apple bough.

By and by an old woman came into the field, and with a blunt knife began to dig around the roots of some of the dandelion

plants, and pulled them up. With some of these

she intended to make tea for herself; but the rest she was going to sell to the chemist, and get some money.

"But beauty is of higher value than all this," said the apple branch. "Only a few of us can be beautiful. There is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

Then some people came into the room, and among them the young lady,—the lady who had placed the apple bough in the white vase beneath ¹⁰ the rays of sunlight. She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. The object was hidden by two or three great leaves, which covered it like a shield, so that no draught or gust of wind could injure it; and it was carried ¹⁵ more carefully than the apple branch had ever been. Very carefully the large leaves were removed, and there appeared the feathery seed crown of the despised yellow dandelion. This was what the lady had so carefully plucked, and ²⁰ carried home so safely covered, so that not one of the delicate, feathery arrows should flutter away. She now drew it forth quite unhurt, and wondered at its beautiful form, and its lightness, and

its wonderful shape, so soon to be blown away by the wind.

"See," she said, "what a beautiful little flower! I will paint it and the apple branch together. Every one admires the beauty of the apple bough; but this humble flower has another kind of loveliness; and although they differ in appearance, both are the children of beauty."

Then the sunbeam kissed the lovely flower,
and he kissed the blooming apple branch, upon
whose leaves appeared a rosy blush.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

par' a sol ; pres' ent ly, at once ; chem' ist.

"I am much prettier than the dandelion," said the apple branch. "He is very common. He will soon turn gray. People do not care for him, but they are fond of me. They will keep me in their homes. It is strange the sun cares for him."

"I'm much prettier than the dandelion," said the apple branch. "He's very common. He'll soon turn gray. People don't care for him, but they're fond of me. They'll keep me in their homes. It's strange the sun cares for him."

Read the sentences in these paragraphs which mean the same. How do they differ from each other? What two words are put together to make "I'm"? What letter is left out in this contraction? Tell what words are put together

and what letter, or letters, are left out in each of the other contractions. Can you think of any other words that we can contract in this way?

Copy these sentences, writing the contracted words in full:

"I'm thankful that I'm not a dandelion," said the apple branch. "I've pretty blossoms. They're pink and white. I'll be admired, but he'll be despised."

THIRD REVIEW AND SUMMARY

REVIEW

I. Copy these sentences and use quotation marks where needed : —

1. Will you walk into my parlor? said a spider to a fly.
2. No, I am afraid, said the fly.
3. The spider said, I have many pretty things to show you.
4. I have heard what you have, and I do not care to see.
said the fly.

II. Supply enough in each sentence to make a proper quotation, and use quotation marks where needed : —

1. — the door, cried the man.
2. The next — leaves at four o'clock, said the guide.
3. — books are not here, said John.
4. His father answered, — must have lost them.
5. — me your paper, said the teacher.
6. The boy answered, — have not finished it.

III. Write two sentences, in each of which you use a quotation.

IV. Write the contracted form of each of the following : -

I am	<i>she is</i>	<i>did not</i>
have not	<i>I will</i>	<i>were not</i>
we will	<i>is not</i>	<i>he will</i>
could not	<i>it is</i>	<i>do not</i>

V. Write in full each of the following : -

they'll	<i>she'll</i>	<i>didn't</i>
doesn't	<i>hasn't</i>	<i>he's</i>
you'll	<i>aren't</i>	<i>we're</i>
wouldn't	<i>they're</i>	<i>you're</i>

VI. Write five sentences, each containing one of the following : doesn't, don't, it's, they're, he's.

SUMMARY

When we repeat the exact words of a person, we make a quotation.

The first word of every quotation should begin with a capital.

A quotation should be inclosed in quotation marks.

It is generally set off by a comma.

When a letter, or letters, are left out of a word, we call the word formed a contraction.

An apostrophe should be used in place of the letter, or letters, left out in every contraction.



64

THE WIND

WHO has seen the wind ?

Neither I nor you ;

But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind ?

Neither you nor I ;

But when the trees bow down their
heads,

The wind is passing by.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

THERE was once a merchant who was very, very rich. He had six children, three boys and three girls. His daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest one was the most beautiful of all. From the time she was a small child she had been only known and spoken of as "Beauty." As she grew older this caused a great deal of jealousy on the part of her sisters. But the young girl was not only more beautiful than they were; she was also kinder and more lovable.

The elder daughters gave themselves great airs, for they were very proud of being so rich. Not a day passed that they did not go to a ball, or a theater, or for a drive or walk in the town. They made fun of their sister, because she spent a great part of her time in study.

Then, all at once, their father lost all his fortune. Nothing was left to him but a little house far away in the country. He told his children that they would be obliged to go and live there, and that they would have to support themselves

by the work of their own hands. His two elder daughters refused to leave the town. They had many admirers, they said, who would be only too glad to marry them, although they were now without any money. But they found that no one



cared to look at them now that they were poor. They had made themselves disliked on account of their pride. "They do not deserve to be pitied," said every one.

But people spoke differently of Beauty. "We are very sorry," they said, "that she is in trouble;

she is such a good girl! she always spoke so kindly to the poor! she was so gentle and good!" Several of her suitors still wished to marry her, although she had not a penny. But she told them that she could not think of leaving her father. She intended to go with him into the country, to comfort him, and help him with the work. Beauty was very unhappy at losing her fortune, but she said to herself: "It is no use crying; tears will not give me back my riches. I must try to be happy without them."

Tell in your own words about the rich merchant and his daughters. How did the elder daughters act when their father lost his money? What did Beauty make up her mind to do? Which one of the daughters did people love? Why?

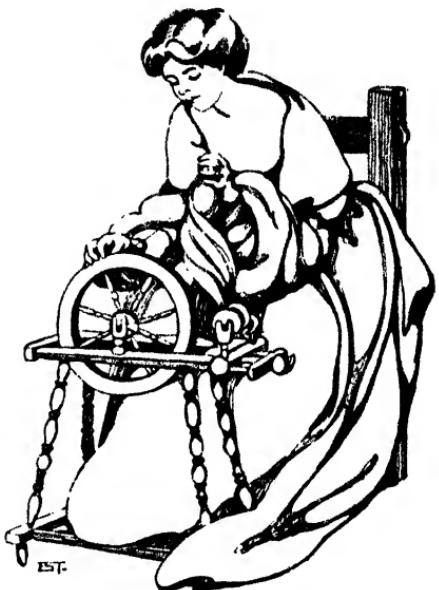
66

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. (*Continued*)

As soon as they were settled in their country house, the merchant and his sons began to till the ground. Beauty rose every morning at four o'clock, and made haste to clean the house and prepare the breakfast. She found her duties very

hard and painful at first, for she had not been used to do the work of a servant. But in two months' time she had grown stronger, and her life gave her fresh health and color. When her day's work was over she amused herself with reading or music; sometimes she sat down to her wheel, and sang at her spinning. Meanwhile her two sisters were tired of the dullness of their life; they stayed in bed till ten o'clock, did nothing all day but walk about, and their only pleasure was to talk of the fine clothes and friends that they used to have. "Look at our young ²⁰ sister," they said to one another; "she is so stupid that she is quite content with this miserable life."

But her father thought differently; he knew



that Beauty was better than they were. He admired her good qualities, especially her patience. For her sisters, not content with allowing her to do all the work of the house, took every means
5 of hurting her feelings.

The family had lived in this quiet way for a year, when a letter arrived for the merchant, telling him that a vessel, that carried goods belonging to him, had arrived safely in port. The two elder girls
10 were nearly out of their minds with joy when they heard this good news; for now they hoped that they should be able to leave the country. They begged their father to bring them back dresses and capes, headdresses, and all sorts of fancy
15 clothing. Beauty asked for nothing; for, as she thought to herself, all the money would be needed to pay for the things that her sisters wished for.
“Is there nothing you wish me to buy for you?”
her father said to her.

20 “Since you are so kind as to think of me,” she replied, “please bring me a rose, for we have not one here.”

The father left them and went to the city. But he had to go to law about his merchandise, and

after a great deal of trouble he turned toward his home as poor as he came. He had not many more miles to go, and was already thinking of the pleasure of seeing his children again, when he lost his way in a large forest. It was snowing hard; the wind was so violent that he was almost blown off his horse; and, as the night was closing in, he was afraid that he would die of cold and hunger, or that he would be eaten by the wolves that he could hear howling around him. 10

All at once, however, he caught sight of a bright light, which appeared to be some way off, at the farther end of a long avenue of trees. He walked toward it, and soon saw that it came from a splendid castle, which was brilliantly lighted. The merchant thanked God for the help that had been sent him, and hastened toward the castle. When he reached it he was greatly surprised to find no one in the courtyard, or about the doors. His horse, which was following him, seeing the door of 20 a large stable standing open, went in, and found there some hay and oats. The poor animal, half dead for want of food, began eating with eagerness.

mer'chan dise, goods; **vi'o lent**, strong and rough; **av'e nue** a long opening like a street; **ea'ger ness**, strong desire.

Give or write a statement about each of the following: —

Beauty in her new home. The sisters in their new home
What the father thought of Beauty.

The news the father received. What he had to do. What
the elder sisters wished. What Beauty wished.

The father's stay in the city. Whether he was rich or poor
when he came back.

His visit to the castle on his way back. What he found
there.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

THE merchant tied the horse fast in the stable, and went toward the house, but still no one was to be seen. He walked into a large dining hall, and there he found a good fire, and a table laid for one person and covered with good things to eat. Being wet to the skin with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself, saying, as he did so, "The master of this house will pardon me the liberty I am taking; no doubt he will soon appear." He waited for a long time; but when eleven o'clock had struck, and still he had seen no

one, he could no longer resist the feeling of hunger. He went to the table and ate until his hunger had left him, and his spirits had returned. He then left the dining hall and made his way through several large rooms beautifully furnished. Finally he came to a room where there was a comfortable bed. As it was now past midnight, and he was very tired, he made up his mind to shut the door and lie down.

It was ten o'clock next morning when he awoke.¹⁰ To his great surprise, he found new clothes put in place of his own, which had been completely spoiled by the storm. "This palace," he said to himself, "must certainly belong to some good fairy, who, seeing my condition, has taken pity¹⁵ upon me." He looked out of the window; the snow was gone, and he saw instead a garden of beautiful flowers.

He went again into the dining hall where he had taken his supper the night before, and saw a²⁰ little table with fruit and bread and chocolate upon it. "I thank you, good madam fairy," he said aloud, "for your kindness in thinking of my breakfast."

After eating his breakfast the merchant went out to find his horse; as he passed under a bower of roses, he remembered that Beauty had

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asked him to bring her one, and he plucked a branch on which several were growing. He had scarcely done so, when he heard a loud roar, and saw coming toward him a Beast, of such a horrible appearance that he nearly fainted. "You are very ungrateful," said the Beast in

a terrible voice; "I received you into my castle, and saved your life, and now you steal my roses, which I care for more than anything else in the world. Death alone can pay for what you have done; I give you a quarter of an hour in which to ask forgiveness of God."

The merchant threw himself on his knees, and with clasped hands said to the Beast, "I pray you, my lord, to forgive me. I did not think it would offend you. I only picked a rose for one of my daughters, who asked me to take it to her." 5

"I am not called my lord," responded the monster, "but simply the Beast. I do not care for compliments; I like people to say what they think. So do not think to soften me with your flattery. But you tell me you have some¹⁰ daughters; I will pardon you on condition that one of your daughters will come of her own free will to die in your place. Do not stop to argue with me. Go! and if your daughter refuses to die for you, swear that you will return yourself in¹⁵ three months' time."

The merchant had no intention of losing one of his daughters to this monster, but he thought, "At least I shall have the pleasure of seeing them once more." He swore therefore to return, and the²⁰ Beast told him that he might go when he liked.

"But," added he, "I do not wish you to go from me with empty hands. Go back to the room in which you slept. There you will find a large

empty trunk; you may fill it with whatever you please, and I will have it taken to your house."

With these words the Beast went away, and the merchant said to himself, "If I must die, I shall at least leave my children enough for their daily bread."

Tell how the merchant spent the night in the castle. How he got his breakfast. What happened when he picked the rose. What agreement he made with the Beast. What the Beast told him he might do.

68

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

He returned to the room where he had passed the night, and found there a great quantity of gold pieces. He filled the trunk, of which the Beast had spoken, with these and closed it. Then he mounted his horse, which he found still in the stable, and rode out from the castle. His sadness now was as great as had been his joy on entering this strange place. His horse carried him along one of the roads through the forest, and in a few hours the merchant was again in his own little house.

His children gathered round him; but instead of finding pleasure in their caresses, he began to weep as he looked upon them. He held in his hand the branch of roses which he had brought for Beauty.

"Take them," he said, as he gave them to her, "your unhappy father has paid dearly for them." And then he told his family of the sad adventure that had befallen him.

The two elder girls, when they had heard his tale, cried and screamed, and began saying all sorts of cruel things to Beauty, who did not shed a tear.

"See what the pride of this wretched little creature has brought us to!" said they. "Why couldn't



she ask for things to wear, as we did ? But no, she must needs show herself off as a superior person. It is she who will be the cause of our father's death, and she does not even cry!"

5 "That would be of little use," replied Beauty
"Why should I cry about my father's death ?
He is not going to die. Since the monster is willing to accept one of his daughters, I will give myself up to him, that he may satisfy his anger
10 upon me. And I am happy in so doing, for by my death I shall have the joy of saving my father, and of proving my love for him."

"No, my sister," said the three brothers, "you shall not die ; we will go and find out this monster,
15 and we will either kill him or die beneath his blows."

"Do not hope to kill him," said their father to them ; "for the Beast is so powerful, that I fear there are no means by which he could be destroyed.
20 My Beauty's loving heart fills me with gladness, but she shall not be exposed to such a terrible death. I am old, I have but a little while to live. I shall but lose a few years of life, which I regret on your account, and on yours alone, my children."

"I am determined, my father," said Beauty, "that you shall not return to that castle without me; you cannot prevent my following you. Although I am young I would far rather be devoured by the monster than die of the grief which your death would cause me."

In vain the others talked with her. Beauty was determined to go to the castle. And her sisters were really not sorry about it, for the goodness of their young sister had aroused in them a strong 10 feeling of jealousy.

The merchant was so taken up with grief at losing his daughter, that he quite forgot about the trunk which he had filled with gold pieces. But what was his surprise when he had shut himself 15 into his room for the night to find it beside his bed! He resolved not to tell his children of his new riches. For he knew that his daughters would then wish to return to the town, and he had made up his mind to remain in the country until his 20 death. He told his secret, however, to Beauty.

He learned from her that there had been some visitors at the house during his absence. Among them were two young men who were in love with

her sisters. She begged her father to let them marry; for she was so good of heart, that she loved them and freely forgave them all the unkindness they had shown her.

Ask two questions to be answered by the first paragraph.
Three by the second. One by the third. One by the fourth.
Two by the fifth. One by the sixth. One by the seventh.
Three by the eighth Two by the ninth

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

- 6 THE two hard-hearted girls rubbed their eyes with an onion that they might shed tears on the departure of their father and Beauty; but the brothers really wept. Beauty alone would not cry, fearing that it might increase their sorrow.
- 7 The horse took the road that led to the castle, and as evening fell, the castle came in view, illuminated as before. Again the horse was the only one in the stable, and once more the merchant entered the large dining hall, this time with his daughter, and found there a table magnificently laid for two

The merchant had not the heart to eat; but Beauty, doing her best to appear cheerful, sat down to the table and helped him to something. Then she said to herself, "The Beast wants to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such good cheer."

When they had finished their supper, they heard a great noise, and the merchant, weeping, said farewell to his poor daughter, for he knew it was the Beast. Beauty could not help shuddering ¹⁰ when she saw the dreadful shape approaching; but she did her best not to give way to her fear, and when the Beast asked her if it was of her own free will that she had come, she told him, trembling, that it was so. ¹⁵

" You are very good, and I am much obliged to you," said the Beast. " Good man, to-morrow morning you will leave, and do not venture ever to come here again."

" Good-by, Beast," replied Beauty, and the ²⁰ Beast at once withdrew

" Alas! my daughter," said the merchant, clasping Beauty in his arms, " I am half dead with fright. Listen to me, and leave me here."

"No, my father," said Beauty, steadily. "You will go to-morrow morning, and you will leave me under Heaven's protection. Perhaps I shall find pity and help."

They retired to rest, thinking that they would have no sleep that night; but no sooner were they in bed than their eyes closed. In her dreams there appeared to Beauty a lady, who said to her, "I have pleasure in the goodness of your heart, 10 Beauty; your good action in giving your life to save that of your father will not be without its reward." Beauty told her father next morning of her dream, and although it comforted him somewhat, it did not prevent his tears of grief when 15 at last he was forced to bid good-by to his dear daughter.

After he was gone, Beauty went back and sat down in the dining hall, and began weeping herself. She was, however, a brave girl. So she 20 commanded herself to God, and resolved not to be unhappy during the short time still left her to live, for she thought that the Beast would eat her that evening. In the meanwhile she resolved to walk about and look over the fine castle she was

in. She could not help admiring its beauty. But her surprise was great when she came to a door over which was written: Beauty's Room. She hastily opened the door, and was dazzled by the splendor of the whole room. What most attracted her, however, was a large bookcase, a piano, and several books of music.

"He does not wish me to feel dull," she said in a low voice. Then the thought came to her, "If I was only going to live here a day, there would not have been so much provided for my amusement." This thought brought back her courage.

She opened the bookcase and there saw a book on which was written in letters of gold:— 18

"Wish what you like, Command what you will,
You alone are Queen and Mistress here."

"Alas!" she said, sighing, "I wish for nothing but to see my dear father again, and to know what he is doing at this moment." She had only said this to herself in a low voice. What was her surprise, therefore, when, turning towards a large mirror, she saw her home, and her father, just returned, wearing a sad countenance;



THE MAGIC MIRROR

she saw her sisters going forward to meet him, and, in spite of the expression of sorrow which they tried to wear, their faces showed that they were delighted to have lost their sister. In another minute the picture had disappeared, and Beauty could not help thinking that the Beast was very kind-hearted, and that she had not much to fear from him.

She found the table laid for her at noon, and during her dinner she was entertained with music, ¹⁰ although no person was in sight.

To commend **ourselves** to God, to pray for help, or protection; **splendour**, elegance and beauty.

Copy these sentences, using other words having the same meaning in place of those in black: —

The castle came into view, illuminated as before. The table was magnificently laid for two. She saw the dreadful shape approaching. Do not venture to come here again. She resolved not to be unhappy. A bookcase attracted her most. Her father had a sad countenance. Beauty thought the Beast was kind hearted.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

IN the evening, as she was just sitting down to her supper, she heard the sound of the Beast's voice, and could not help shuddering. "Beauty," said the monster to her, "will you allow me to look on while you are eating your supper?" "You are master here," replied Beauty, trembling. "Not so," rejoined the Beast, "it is you who alone are mistress; if I annoy you, you have only to tell me to go, and I will leave you at once. But confess now, you think me very ugly, do you not?" "That is true," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you are very kind."

"You are right," said the monster; "but, besides being ugly, I am also stupid; I know, well enough, that I am only a Beast."

"No one is stupid who believes himself to be so," said Beauty.

"Eat, Beauty," said the monster to her, "and try to find pleasure in your own house; for every-
thing here belongs to you. I should be very sorry if you were unhappy."

" You are everything that is kind," said Beauty. " Your goodness of heart makes me happy ; when I think of that, you no longer appear so ugly to me."

" Ah, yes," replied the Beast, " I have a kind heart, but for all that I am a monster."

" Many men are more monsters than you," said Beauty ; " and I care more for you than for those who, with their human face, hide a false and ungrateful heart."

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" If I had wit enough," responded the Beast, " I would make you a pretty answer in return for your words. But I am too stupid for that, and all I can say is, that I am very grateful to you."

Beauty ate her supper with a good appetite.¹¹ She had lost almost all her fear of the monster, but she almost died of fright, when he said, " Beauty, will you be my wife ? "

She sat for a while without answering ; she was afraid she might arouse the monster's anger ¹² by refusing him. Nevertheless she finally said, trembling, " No, Beast." At this the poor monster sighed, and the hideous sound he made echoed throughout the castle. But Beauty was

soon reassured, for the Beast, after sadly bidding her adieu, left the room, turning his head from time to time to look at her again.

A strong feeling of pity for the Beast came over Beauty when she was left alone. "Alas!" she said, "it is a pity he is so ugly, for he is so good!"

hid'ous, ugly and terrible; **re as sure'**, to comfort; **a dieu'**, good-by.

Which words in each pair of the following sentences mean about the same? In each case choose the one you like the better. Copy the sentences containing these.

1. Will you let me look at you?

Will you allow me to look at you?

2. If I trouble you, I will not look.

If I annoy you, I will not look.

3. You think I am homely.

You think I am ugly.

4. She was alarmed at the thought of making the Beast angry.

She was frightened at the thought of making the Beast angry.

5. At length she said, "No."

Finally she said, "No."

6. He made a hideous sound.

He made a terrible sound.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

BEAUTY spent three months in the castle, more or less happily. The Beast paid her a visit every evening, and talked with her as she ate her supper, showing good sense in his talk. Every day Beauty discovered some new good quality in the monster. She grew used to his ugliness, and did not fear his visits. She would often look at her watch to see if it was nearly nine o'clock, for the Beast always arrived at just that hour. There was only one thing which caused distress to Beauty, and that was ¹⁵ that every evening, before retiring, the monster asked her if she would be his wife, and always appeared so sorry at her refusal. One day she said to him :—

“ You grieve me, Beast ; I wish it were possible ²⁰ for me to marry you, but I am too truthful to



make you believe that such a thing could ever happen. I shall always be your friend. Try to be satisfied with that."

"I suppose I must," replied the Beast; "I know I am horrible to look upon, but I love you very much. However, I am happy that you consent to remain here; promise me that you will never leave me."

The color came into Beauty's face; her mirror had shown her that her father was ill with the grief of losing her, and she was hoping to see him again.

"I would promise never to leave you," said Beauty to him, "but I do so long to see my father again. I shall die of sorrow if you refuse me the pleasure of seeing him."

"I would rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you pain. I will send you home to your father. You will stay there, and your poor Beast will die of grief at your absence."

"No, no," said Beauty, crying; "I care for you too much to wish to cause your death; I promise to return in a week's time. You have let me see that my sisters are married, and that my brothers

have entered the army. My father is all alone; let me remain with him a week."

" You shall be with him to-morrow morning; but remember your promise. When you wish to return, you have only to put your ring on the table before going to bed. Farewell, Beauty."

The Beast gave his usual sigh as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed feeling troubled at the thought of the sorrow she had caused him. When she awoke the following morning, she found herself at home. She rang a little bell that stood beside her bed, and the maidservant who came in gave a loud cry of astonishment at seeing her there. Her father ran in on hearing the cry, and was almost beside himself with joy at seeing his dear daughter alive and safe.

Beauty, after her first joy was over, remembered that she had no clothes with her. But the servant told her that she had just found a trunk in the next room, in which were dresses of silk and velvet trimmed with diamonds. Beauty thanked the kind Beast for his thoughtfulness. She took out the least costly of the dresses, and told the maid to lock the others away again, as she wished

to give them to her sisters; but she had no sooner uttered these words, than the trunk disappeared. Her father said to her that the Beast evidently wished her to keep them all for herself, and the ⁵ trunk and the dresses immediately reappeared.

Read the sentences containing quotations. Read only the words which are quoted. Who says them in each case? To whom are they said?

72

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Continued*)

BEAUTY dressed herself, and, meanwhile, news of her arrival was sent to her sisters, who came in haste with their husbands. They were both extremely unhappy. The eldest had married a young man who was very handsome, but was so in love with his own face that he could think of nothing else from morning to night, and cared nothing for his wife. The second had married a very witty and clever

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man, but he only made use of his wit to put everybody in a bad temper.

Her sisters nearly died of envy when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess, and beautiful as the day. In vain she was good to them. Nothing could stifle their jealousy, which only increased when she told them how happy she was.

These two jealous creatures went into the garden, that they might cry more at their ease. They said to one another, "Why should this wretched little thing be happier than we are? Are we not more beautiful than she is?"

"Sister," said the eldest one, "I have an idea; let us try to keep her here over the week. Her stupid old Beast will be angry at her for breaking her word, and perhaps he will devour her."

"You are right, sister," replied the other; "to carry out our plan, we must appear very loving and kind to her." 20

And having settled this they went back to the house and were so affectionate to her, that Beauty cried for joy. When the week drew to a close, the two sisters showed such signs of grief at her

departure, that she promised to stay a week longer. Beauty, however, reproached herself for the sorrow she would cause her poor Beast, whom she loved with all her heart; and she began to miss him very much. On the tenth night of her absence, she dreamed that she was in the garden of the castle, and that she saw the Beast lying on the grass. He seemed to be dying. Beauty awoke with a start, and wept.

10 "I am indeed wicked," she said, "to behave so ungratefully to the Beast who has been so kind to me! Is it his fault that he is ugly and that he is not clever? He is good, and that is worth everything else. Why did I refuse to marry him?"

15 I should be happier with him than my sisters are with their husbands. The Beast is honest and good. I do not love him, but I respect him. I will not make him unhappy; should I do so, I should be sorry for it as long as I live."

20 With these words Beauty rose, placed her ring on a table, and lay down again. The moment she was in bed, she fell asleep, and when she awoke next morning, she saw with delight that she was back in the Beast's castle. She dressed herself,

and waited for nine o'clock to strike. But the hour came, and the Beast did not appear.

reproach', to blame, **strife**, to stop, to smother, to destroy.

Tell how the sisters felt toward Beauty. What they made her do. Beauty's dream. What she said. What she did to return to the castle. What happened there.

73

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*Concluded*)

THEN Beauty began to fear that she had caused his death. She ran through the castle, calling aloud for him. After having looked everywhere, she remembered her dream, and ran into the garden toward the water, where she had seen him in her sleep. She found the poor Beast stretched on the ground, and she thought he was dead. Forgetting her dread of his appearance, she threw herself upon him, and feeling that his heart was still beating, she brought some water and threw it over his head. The Beast opened his eyes and said to Beauty:—

“ You forgot your promise. In my grief at losing you, I determined to let myself die of hunger.”

"No, my dear Beast, you shall not die," exclaimed Beauty. "You shall live to be my husband; I am yours from this moment, and only yours. Alas! I thought the feeling I had for you was only one of friendship; but now I know, by the grief I feel, that I cannot live without you."

Beauty had scarcely uttered these words before she saw the castle suddenly become brightly illuminated. She did not gaze long at this, but quickly turned her eyes again toward her dear Beast. For the thought of her danger made her tremble with fear. But what was her surprise when she saw that the Beast had disappeared, and that a young and handsome Prince was lying at her feet, thanking her for having released him from enchantment. Although this Prince was fully worthy of her attention, Beauty could not help asking what had become of the Beast. "You see him at your feet," said the Prince to her. "I was the Beast. A wicked fairy made me remain in the form of a monster, until some fair damsel would consent to marry me, and she forbade me also to show that I had intelligence. You are the only one who has been kind enough to allow the

goodness of my heart to win love and esteem. And I cannot, even by offering you my crown, repay you for what you have done."

Beauty gave the young Prince her hand, to help him to rise. They passed, side by side, into the castle, and Beauty was still happier when she found her father and all her family in the dining hall. The beautiful lady whom she had seen in her dream had brought them thither.

"Beauty," said the lady, who was a well-known fairy, "receive the reward of your noble choice. You preferred goodness to beauty or intelligence, and you therefore deserve to find all these things in one person. You are soon to become a great queen. I trust your high position will not spoil your goodness. As for you," said the fairy, turning to Beauty's sisters, "I know your hearts and all the evil in them. Be turned, therefore, into statues, but preserve your consciousness beneath the stone which will inclose you. You will remain at the entrance of your sister's palace, where you can always see her happiness. You will not be able to take again your present forms, until you have confessed your faults. But I fear that you

will always remain statues. Pride, anger, greediness, and laziness may be corrected; but nothing short of a miracle can convert the bad and envious heart."

5 The fairy then gave a tap with her wand, and all those assembled in the dining hall were immediately carried into the Prince's kingdom. His subjects greeted him with joy. He married Beauty, who lived with him a long life of perfect happiness.

— Adapted from MADAME DE BEAUMONT.

Write statements about the following: —

How Beauty found the Beast. What she did for him. What he did. What he told her about his dying. What Beauty told him.

Into what he was then changed. Why he had looked like a beast.

What the fairy lady did to the sisters. Where all were at last brought. How his people felt when they saw the Prince. What was Beauty's reward for her goodness.



74

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twirter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

10



Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon ;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
10 The rain is over and gone !

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

What time of the year has just passed ? What word in the second line tells this ? In the fifth line ? Why should the snow fare ill on the top of a bare hill ? Why are all things happy in spring ?

ADDITIONAL LESSONS FOR DRILL

1. Fill the blanks with the proper form of "do."

1 2 3 4
a. do, did, doing, done.

- (1) The boys have —— their work.
(2) They —— it well.
(3) The girls are —— their work now.
(4) They —— it very well, too.
(5) That boy has not —— his well.
(6) He will have to —— it again.
- b. Write a sentence containing the fourth form of "do."
Write a sentence containing the first form of "do."
Write a sentence containing the third form of "do."
Write a sentence containing the second form of "do."

2. Fill blanks with the proper form of "go."

1 2 3 4
a. go, went, going, gone.

- (1) We will —— to the park this afternoon.
(2) The other children have ——.
(3) They were —— when I came to school.
(4) They —— very early.
(5) We must —— at three o'clock.
(6) Some other boys are —— with us.

- b. Write a sentence containing the third form of "go."
Write a sentence containing the first form of "go."
Write a sentence containing the fourth form of "go."
Write a sentence containing the second form of "go."

3. Fill blanks with the proper form of "see."

1 2 3 4

- a. see, saw, seeing, seen.

- (1) I ~~saw~~ the boy run away.
(2) He had ~~saw~~ me watching him.
(3) It was easy for him to ~~see~~ me.
(4) He ~~saw~~ me turn to look at him
(5) You could not have ~~seen~~ him.
(6) He was too far away for you to — him.

- b. Write a sentence containing the second form of "see."
Write a sentence containing the fourth form of "see."
Write a sentence containing the first form of "see."

' SPELLING LESSONS

a.	ə.	ɔ.	u.
frost	coal	fa ther	li on
spoil	gar den	pool	a sleep
mossy	hand ful	moun tain	be gan
rill	bounce	hoof	o pen
plain	bean	eas i ly	tick le
leaves	straw	dee	for give
cheer	push	breath	place
key hole	wom an	swell	caught
re turn	trav el	broad	hap pen
proof	dare	young	gnaw

a.	ə.	ɔ.	u.
lit tle	boat	north	slave
folk	nurse	blow	once
chub by	sailor	barn	for est
drudge	coat	wind	moan
old	night	swal low	groan
pa tient	friend	hon ey	swol len
milk	hear	sleep	thorn
speech	eye	les son	sight
flow er	slice	warm	mid dle
e nough	take	weath er	with out

9.	rest	sup per	17.
long	like	eight	mer chant
plain	too	horse	girl
peo ple		speak	mon ey
light	12.	walk	purse
march	shep herd	talk	said
nev er	sheep	share	heard
beast	foot		clear
reach	love ly	15.	beau ty
town	vil lage	face	al most
dif fer ent	loud er	stone	lis ten
10.	be fore	friend	18.
know	de ceive	be lieve	heav y
vis it	meal	look	un known
cous in	please	purr	great
coun try		starve	board
free ly	13.	curl	buy
poor	pleas ant	voice	heap
ex pect	field	cook	pal ace
food	dai sy	16.	through
nice	mas ter	knee	brought
mouse	wool	weak	whole
11.	clothes	no tice	19.
nest	chil ly	rough	air
peep	din ner	kitch en	glimpse
a way	brown	broom	feast
long er	14.	scold	scene
rise	moth er	mice	could
limb	rag ged	laugh	dead
does	dirt y	noth ing	none

strange	shal low	25.	for got
own er	sor ry	a fraid	earth
treas ure	should	per suade	move
20.	hex row	squirt ed	28.
three	mouth	be cause	white
mer ry	hungry	muz zle	lil y
com pan ion	snout	ex claim	droop
tail		reach	wait
cour age	tor toise	wa ter	good
gen tle man	geese	shad ow	be side
kneel	be come	dr own	rain
love	come		vein
rath er	tongue	26.	hap py
cru el	flew	tired	thirst y
21.	choose	sail	
elev er	flight	fair v	29.
hound	an swer	wan der	night
to wards	serv ant	par cel	crawl
bough	.	dai sy	queen
first	24.	chair	car ry
near er	where	tear	lonely
hun dred	school	climb	of fer
man age	which	high	pret ty
scam per	rob in	27.	
her self	learn	2 way	pour
	min ute	drove	deed
22.	lamb	stream	close
seem	breath	lean	
ver y	brook	chance	28.
soup	grown	re flect	clo ver
		pun ish	heav en
			sev en

write	33.	stove	land
fail	die	thou sand	your self
wrong	ear ly	year	strong
a gain	nois y	36.	child
pow der	a gainst	corn	skirt
yel low	thieves	dance	bird
bright	fear	beard	grass
31.	wor n	bus y	39.
queer	beau ti ful	seize	prince
sea	crea ture	wid ow	tease
is land	cage	weav er	bit ter ly
fam i ly	34.	flax	built
chil dren	pause	stout	sin gle
e ven ing	cham ber	mill er	flood
mer maid	sud den	37.	drew
dread ful	de vour	coast	per son
mourn	scale	fun ny	spread
stood	dun geon	it self	rea son
32.	heart	be neath	40.
preach	si lence	wheth er	waves
green	crum ble	to geth er	roll
church	ru in	ac count	toil
calm	35.	cot tage	roar
fin ger	room	bur y	hoarse
hair	street	nei ther	hush
pul pit	blue	38.	broth er
ool or	match	kite	roam
word	pic ture	blow	sis ter
pray er	shoul der	a round	sweep
	scratch		

41.
qui et
o bliged
good by
ou ri ous
mir ror
met e!
of ten
re mem ber
grieve
watch

42.
troop
jack et
feath er
foam
stole
mu sic
state ly
sor row
bare
pleas ure

43.
wheat
up right
cho sen
pre fer
break
tur key
sheat

busi ness
tum ble
ug iy
44.
eel
fowl
man uers
hand some
leave
large
ex cept
in deed
scarce ly
sister

45.
morn ing
turn
pos si ble
pas sage
a mong
stretch
fright en

46.
swam
scream
cloud

slen der
bot tom
win ter
freeze
wood en
shoe
era zy

47.
shone
broad
sup pose
pock et
com pa ny
tight
win dow
thought ful
re cov er
health

48.
sweet
west ern
sea

breathe
dy ing
moon
pret ty
nest
sil ver
breast

49.
bath ing
twelve
e lev en
fan cy
touch
pigeon
cease
roast
court
flick er

50.
hedge
cas tle
tow er
stoop
able
court
thick
far ther
leap
pluck

51.
door
clock
breeze
stew ard
swept
re new

word	54.	braim ble	crea ture
swore	de sert ed	torn	rain bow
joint	our selves	en e my	fire fly
ques tion	wrap	whis kers	
	cor ner	gen tle	59.
52.	slight	shrink	trav el er
Christ mas	point	prank	branch
pledge	blaze		oak
jour ney	clos et	57.	deer
pros pect	hearth	shore	proud
whis tle	raise	wig wam	shoot
lodg ing		daugh ter	a cross
shel ter	55.	cone	rab bit
lose	fierce	wrin kle	mo tion
stom ach	bat tle	cra dle	ar row
shook	mo ment	bound	
	fray	slum ber	60.
53.	ri val	plume	watch
for low	comb	straight	ber ry
troubl e	ache		fruit
guest	a wak en	58.	many
fair ly	heart y	sum mer	fought
pan try	ov en	whis per	strug gle
whim		sound	loose
yon der	56.	won der	grave
read y	mean time	twin kle	In di an
wag on	han dle	can dle	maize
neigh bor	croak	song	

